VOGUE

75¢
JAN. 1

EDITORS' FORECAST 1969

THE BEST NEW LOOKS IN FASHION AND BEAUTY

50 PAGES OF PREDICTIONS PICKED FOR SUCCESS

ENERGY

THE UNTAPPED POWERS THAT CAN CHANGE YOUR WHOLE LIFE





There is nothing quite as nice as having someone take care of you.



We suspect you already know there can be more magic in a blue blazer and a white pleated skirt than in a slew of empty-headed "where-its-at" fashions.

Yet how often do you see a blue blazer and a white skirt that has it?

The answer is rarely. For the truth is most classics, even the very expensive ones, are hopelessly square and sexless.

A look we dislike as much as you do.

Which is why we never simply restate a classic. We make it happen for the very first time.

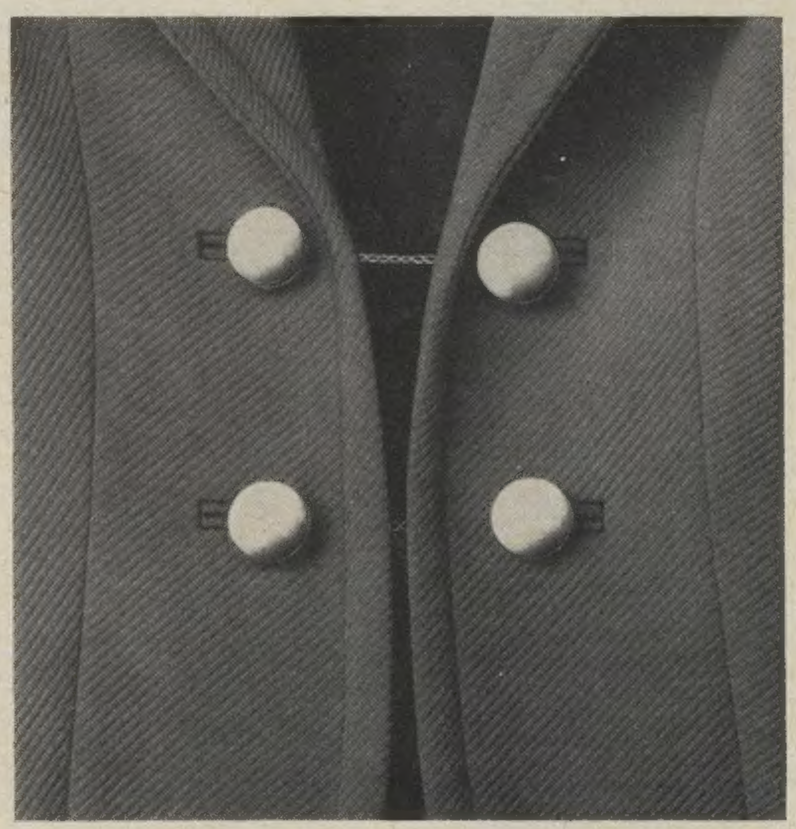
Our blazer is not exactly Equestrian. And it's not exactly Smoking. And it's not exactly Eton.

It's something else.

The same with our pleated skirt.

It swings to be sure. But it doesn't swing with the crowd.

We go our own sweet way with fabrics, too. A flannel, a plaid, a silk, a double knit...it's never the usual. The Fortrel® polyester double knit we used here for instance, has the subtlest twill weave. You won't see it around.



There is one area though, where we're predictable. That's tailoring. We stick to every stuffy couture rule. We just never managed to unlearn caring.

Most probably, fastidious hand details don't do a thing for the instant fashion girls. We think they might please you.

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(There is nothing quite as nice)

Our double knit Travelers collection in 100% **FORTREL®** polyester is available at respected stores throughout the country. Evan-Picone, 1407 Broadway, New York 10018; Evan-Picone Canada, 24 Mount Royal West, Montreal.



SEYMOUR FOX DESIGNS IN BEAUTIFUL ANGLO FABRICS

I. MAGNIN BONWIT TELLER MONTALDO'S

JANUARY 1, 1969

INCORPORATING VANITY FAIR

VOGUE

AMERICAN BRITISH FRENCH ITALIAN AUSTRALIAN

I. S. V.-PATCÉVITCH, President
Alexander Liberman, Editorial Director



COVER: Brand-new year, brand-new look for the Chemise Lacoste—the smash knit shirtdress with short polo-shirt sleeves, shiny gilt buttons, and a longer tab front in a heavenly shade of pervenche blue. Belted Chemise Lacoste by David Crystal, of double-knitted Dacron. About $30. At Altman's; Higbee's; Hudson's; Dayton's; Harzfeld's; Montaldo's; Sakowitz. El Greco sandals. Sheer and glowy makeup for a new year: UltraLucent Blusher Stick, here in Blushing Pink Frost and UltraLucent Blushing Ruby lipstick. Both by Max Factor. Ara Gallant coiffure. Marshall Imports hairpieces. The cover photograph is by Irving Penn.

FASHION

79 Eyeview: Forecast 1969

84 Fashion forecast: New evening looks—the rhumba dress with a bare, roped midriff; cutaway weskits; the short evening dress with a cutaway plunge; tunics and pants; the see-through top; giant paste buckles on black moire shoes; black silk socks for pants at night. Jumpers, jump suits, and super little shirtdresses for day. Voyant jersey prints. Happy-go-lucky knits. Tailoring news—big pockets; wider coats; the scarf-silk raincoat and the perfect rain-suit; the right cut of pants; the sectional skirt. Brown and white for day. Antique paste jewels for modern clothes. Squared rings and body sculpture. The roped clog. The fashion under the fashion—when less is more.

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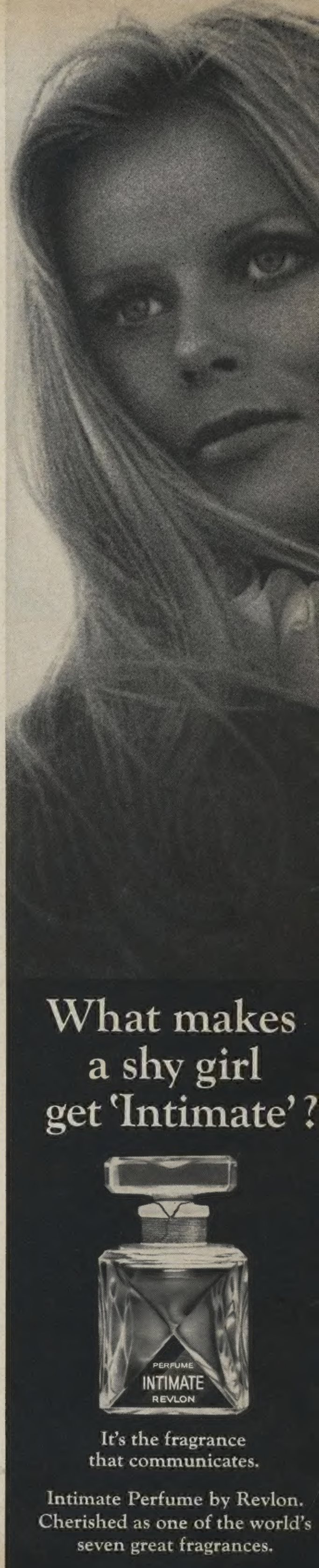
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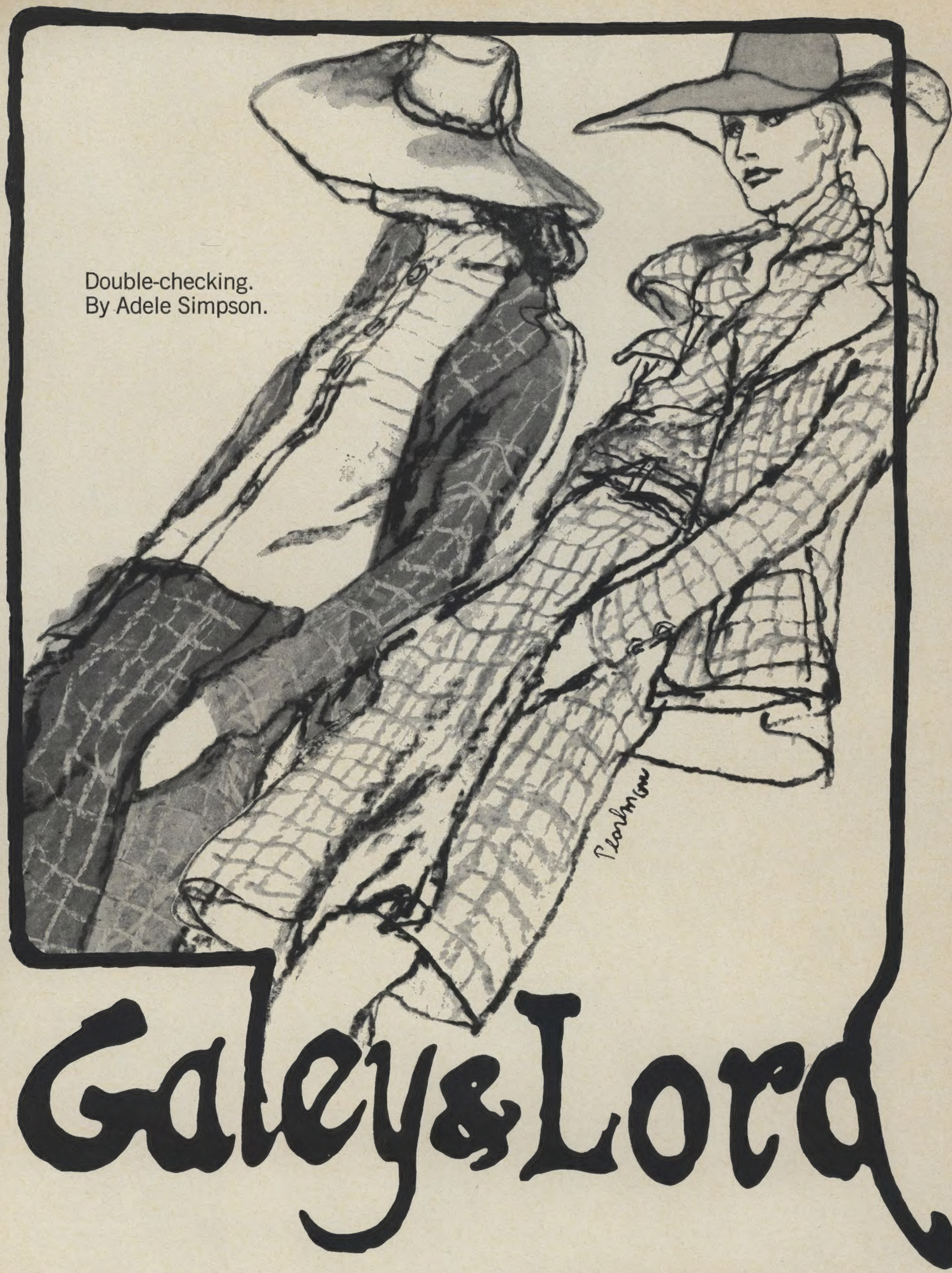
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VERY *Saks Fifth Avenue*

Improving on nature. Our dress in a fantasy foliage printing of black and white. Silk and worsted. $185.

New from 'Ultima' II:

Coloring Pots for Eyelids

Transparent Eye Shadow Tints.

The first see-through shadows. Fluffy, super-whipped pot-de-creme textures.
These new shadowing creams, in their own chic little pots, are incredibly luscious to see and touch. Like dipping into a whippy souffle.
Sweep them clear up to your brow for a luminous young wash of color. And a wide-open, spacey look that makes eyes seem simply enormous.
The whipped-creme texture has a new kind of 'cling'. Yet is so subtle, you can even wear it under eyes (the newest lighting place). 7 see-through shades.

'Ultima' II

Created by Revlon for the woman of elegance.



For the woman who lives in 'Ultima' II,



Introducing

Translucent Wrinkle Creme

If this under-30 thing is denting your ego, you should try this cream.

This astonishing new facecream is the very first of its kind. *Translucent.* So clear it leaves nothing on your skin but a clean, young shine. And because it's *concentrated,* the littlest bit goes a *very* long way.

And its oils are staggeringly rich. Rich enough to tackle the toughest problems dryness can cause. Its name is *Translucent Wrinkle Creme.*

(Need we say more?)

'Ultima' II

Created by Revlon for the woman of elegance.

there is only one scent in all the world. 'Ultima'. The fragrance with body and soul.


AIR-INDIA

For a fashion guide to India, there is a certain kind of store

Air-India...your magic carpet to the land of mystics and maharajahs

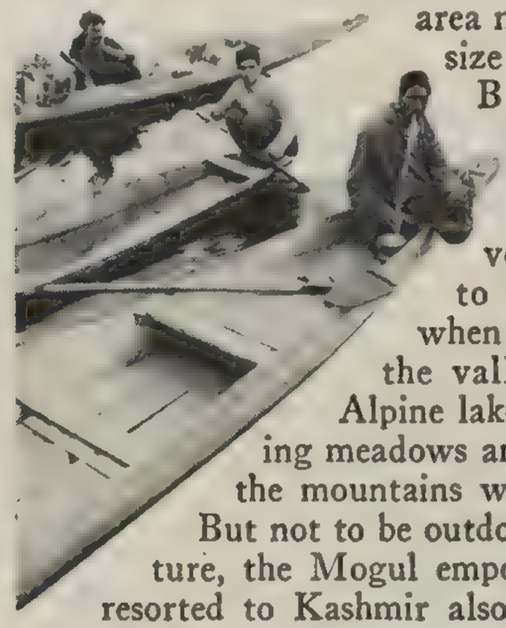


Long, long ago a trip from Delhi to Bombay took five elephant miles per hour—or 24 days. Today Air-India sweeps you on a Boeing 707 in less than 24 hours from New York to Bombay. Sari-clad hostesses pamper you in such lavish, and *true,* Eastern style that you may even forget you're still in the air. But imagine as you will what India will be like. There is only one certain thing in store: surprise after surprise. Because the many faces of her people and palaces have no equal—anywhere. It is a land of ravishing contrasts.

Though the pulse of India has no one beat, there are certain customs you'll note among almost all Indians. To women, the wearing of saris all the time, everywhere, is sure to intrigue. Their variety in fabrics seems infinite—as do their borders and appliqués. Yes, a sari *can* go out of fashion; however, some of the most prized are the oldest.

Are you ready to see this fascinating land for yourself? Great! Air-India flies there once every single day. Just make your reservation.

Kashmir...the former playground of Mogul emperors, a super resort today



Way, way north, nestled in the Himalayan peaks, sits Kashmir—a gigantic area nearly the size of Great Britain. Mother Nature was very very good to Kashmir when she filled the valleys with Alpine lakes, flowering meadows and capped the mountains with snow. But not to be outdone by nature, the Mogul emperors who resorted to Kashmir also designed formal gardens, complemented by fountains and floral terraces. Among them, the incredible Gardens of Shalimar.

Spend at least part of your stay in Kashmir aboard a houseboat. Boats with campy names—Mona Lisa, Cherry Ripe, Soul Kiss—and décor to match. For a mere $60.00 a week your boat is not only furnished, but staffed! Your every want and need is graciously taken care of right from your new home: entertainers, hairdressers and errand-runners all come to you by *shikara,* India's answer to the gondola.

Kashmir is a spectacular area for picking up beautiful items that are high in quality and low in price. Hand-woven rugs intricately patterned cost much less than they're worth. Papier-mâché, covered with gold leaf and hand-painted, is fancifully turned into objects unlimited. And what fun you'll have shopping for turquoise and jade, plentiful bargains here.

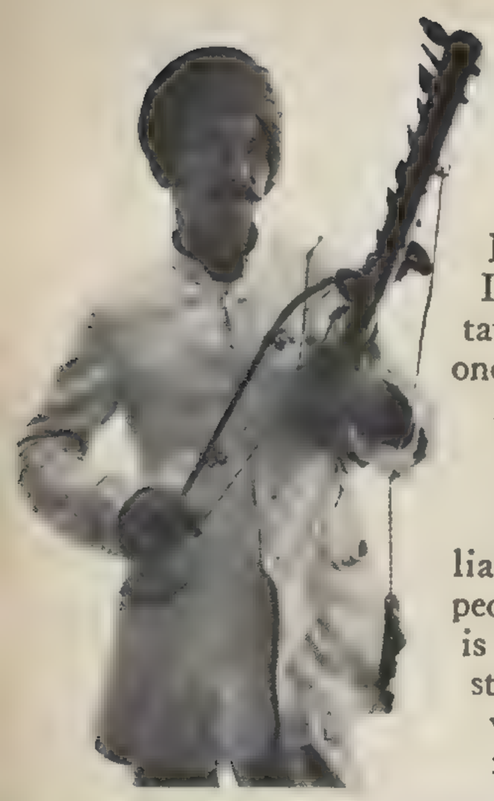


Opposite page

Peck & Peck's total costume for the total trip: a sleeveless dress and matching coat. Dacron® polyester knit; imagine how well it travels! Apple green, navy or aqua. 8 to 16, 100.00

This page

Peck & Peck thinks pants and a shirt are great on your houseboat in Kashmir. Pant of cotton/rayon hop sacking. Navy or beige, 8 to 16, 16.00 Navy and white shirt of Antron® nylon; also in white, beige, lime, hot pink, gold, periwinkle. S,M,L. 12.00



Delhi... the city built on seven others

Like our Washington, D.C., and Canada's Ottawa, New Delhi (everyone says just "Delhi") is India's capital. It's even complete with wide tree-lined streets, embassies, houses of Parliament, and diplomatic people. But in one way it is absolutely unique: it stands where seven cities were built, ruin upon ruin. Plan to be here on a Thursday when you can view a truly impressive changing of the guard—an orientalized version of the ceremony at Buckingham Palace.

Adults—perhaps even more than children—must visit Delhi's International Museum of Dolls. Housed here are 4,000 elegant little people who mutely tell of their cultures and customs. 60 countries stand peacefully side by side, telling it like it should be.

You're the one who'll have a circus at Connaught Circus, Delhi's well-known shopping area. Here you find wares from all over India as well as local goods. Delhi specializes in ivory figurines carved so finely that you need a magnifying glass to see each figure. Pottery, copper and embroidery are this city's special prides too.



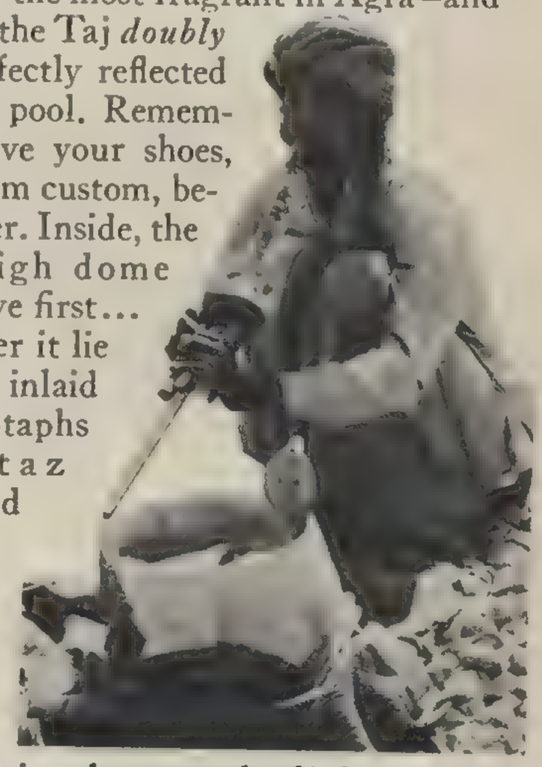


The Taj Mahal... incredible, incomparable

You've stood beside the Golden Gate Bridge and Manhattan's skyscrapers; you've been to the Palace of Versailles and the Parthenon; yet never have you seen anything to compare with the Taj Mahal.

This breathtaking masterpiece in milky-white marble stands in Agra (north-central) India on the banks of the Jumna River. Looming over the countryside, the Taj Mahal is in fact a tomb. Commissioned in 1630 by the Emperor Shah Jehan, it was to pay tribute to his beloved, Mumtaz Mahal, who had died in childbirth. The emperor's demands were explicit: not only must this monument surpass everything else in elegance and style, but it must express his wife's delicate beauty. With the help of a Persian architect and 20,000 workers, the feat of turning massive white marble and red sandstone into pure grace was accomplished in 22 years.

One visit to the Taj is not enough. Enter the gardens—the most fragrant in Agra—and there stands the Taj *doubly* for it is perfectly reflected in the clear pool. Remember to remove your shoes, in the Muslim custom, before you enter. Inside, the 80-foot-high dome strikes the eye first... directly under it lie the lavishly inlaid marble cenotaphs of Mumtaz Mahal and Shah Jehan. You will be stunned by how delicately the marble is carved, and by the way the light filters through to dance on the stone beneath.



Left

Peck & Peck sees you touring Jaipur in a sleeveless dress and jacket from our *Carleton Collection.* Choose navy and white or brown and white: the top to this dropped-waist dress is always white. Rayon. 8 to 16, 70.00

Right

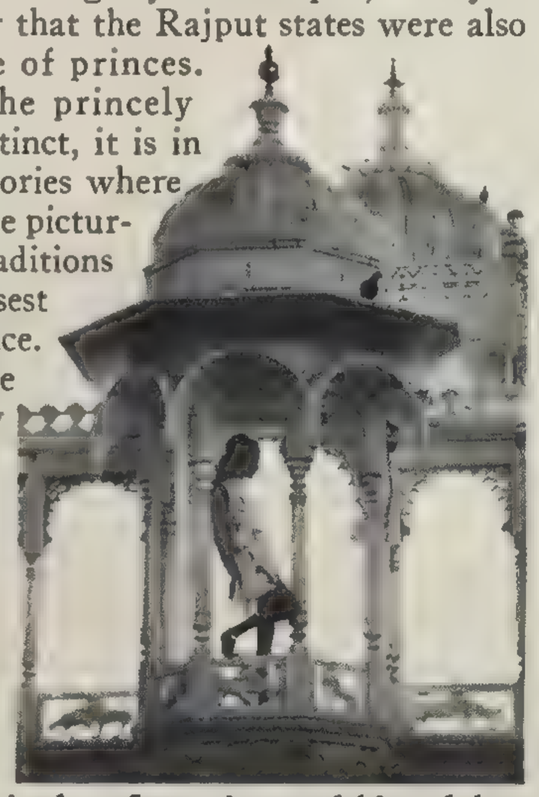
Peck & Peck's asymetrically designed silk—in blues or greens—the color of sky and sea and peacocks—makes a stunning reflection against the perfect symmetry of the Taj Mahal. The side-pleated silk shift, to belt or not. 8 to 16, 55.00





Udaipur...the city that makes Oriental dreams come true

Udaipur is really two places: it is a confection of a city nestled amid hills on a lovely lake—and it is a lake, filled with islands, studded with gardens, pavilions and pastel palaces. In western-central India, it is the capital of one of the Rajput states. Now to understand the glory of Udaipur, first you must know that the Rajput states were also once those of princes. Though the princely order is extinct, it is in these territories where traces of the picturesque old traditions are still closest to the surface.



Enter the city today and you'll see a thousand hangovers from more exotic times. The white tiered palaces are all there, seemingly afloat, in steel-blue lakes while immense stone elephants stand guard in the surrounding waters. Tropical trees, green parrots by the hundreds, and subtle jasmine flowers are all about. See all those men wearing orange and purple turbans... and the heavily jeweled women carrying copper pots on their heads: they are the colorful Rajasthanis, a group that dresses more brightly than any other and that treats jewels as their bank account.

You, too, can live in the opulence once reserved for royalty, for the Maharana of Udaipur's marble-lined summer palace is now a hotel. You'll catch your breath and say it can't be true when you see the luxurious suites that cost no more than our average motels. (And for a bit more, you can even have your own private swimming pool!) Sitting on its own island in the middle of Lake Pichola, this palace-turned-hotel glistens with stained-glass windows, cut-glass murals depicting grander days, and gardens blooming with as many golden *hindolas* as lotus blossoms. Yes, all the princely trappings are *yours* in this vacation paradise.

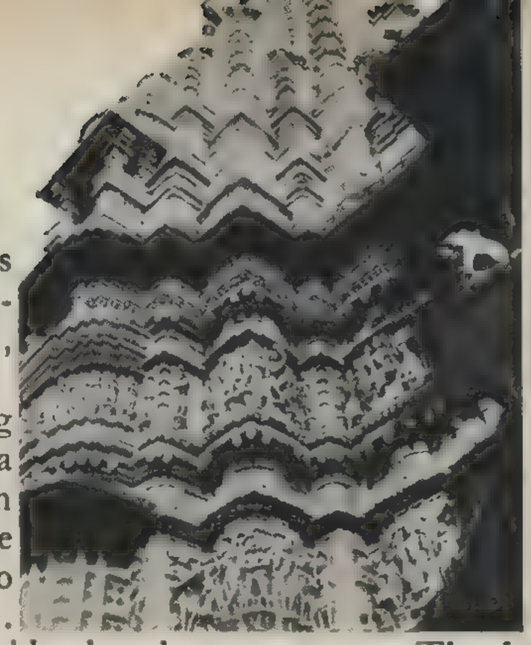
Jaipur...is its rosy glow for real?

Yes, the perpetual glow in this "City of Victory" is very much there without rose-tinted glasses. You see, nearly everything is made of a local reddish stone...providing a sharp contrast to the bleak desert that surrounds Jaipur.

One spectacle you literally can't miss here is the City Palace: it *is* more than a quarter of Jaipur. Partially a private residence, one wing is now a museum showing off excellent paintings, costumes, rugs, and an impressive collection of old weapons.

Would India be India without an elephant ride? The place to get a lift is a few miles outside of Jaipur at the turreted and domed Amber Palace. The prettiest elephant you'll ever see—with flowers and vines painted on his ears and trunk—will gently lift you to the Palace entrance and wait while you look around. He even seems to know you'll be a while studying the world-famous Hall of Mirrors housed within!

Elephants cannot go home with you, but jewelry can, and *the* place to get it is Jaipur. Craftsmen here specialize in setting gems in a style reminiscent of the elegant 18th century, as well as carving precious stones into flowers, birds and beasts. (Don't forget that unset gems are excellent buys, too!)



Nothing short of a monsoon will make you want to go home. But inevitably that day must come. Thank heaven for Air-India's experts who *are* expert at easing you from West to East...at 600 miles per hour. And whether you choose Bombay duck or sirloin steak, a farewell cup of Darjeeling tea is sure to warm your memories as they linger on.

Peck & Peck
For that certain kind of woman

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Chicago/Providence/Philadelphia/Buffalo
Kansas City/Hartford/Detroit/Washington, D. C.
Atlanta/Twin Cities/Indianapolis/Palm Beach



Left

Peck & Peck takes you palace-hopping in this step-in shift with attached Jamaica shorts. Blossoms as lush as Udaipur's are sprayed all about the sheer Dacron® polyester/cotton voile. Aquas or yellows. 8 to 14, 30.00

Right

Even elephants seem to like a brightly banded sleeveless shift that covers up with its own contrasting, decorative sweater. Dress of rayon/flax. Sweater in Orlon® acrylic. White dress with royal and red. Cream dress with apricot and fudge. 8 to 16, 46.00

this is Goldwaters fashion mood .....

the formal dinner pant .....

by Helen Rose

Goldwaters

FIRST IN ARIZONA



. . . . . for evenings at Camelback Inn.

by Helga

photographed at Marriott's Camelback Inn in Scottsdale by John Engstead



Estée is the
first super perfume.

And only one woman
could have created it.

Estée Lauder



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COAST TO COAST VIA



TO NEW YORK

Bargain-hunting on Bleeker Street,
Antiquing on Third Avenue,
Hamburgers at P. J. Clarke's,
Sundays in Central Park . . .

TO LOS ANGELES

Shopping at Farmer's Market,
Fiestas on Olvera Street,
Glamour and
excitement at Century City,
Grooving in at The Factory.

FROM CHICAGO

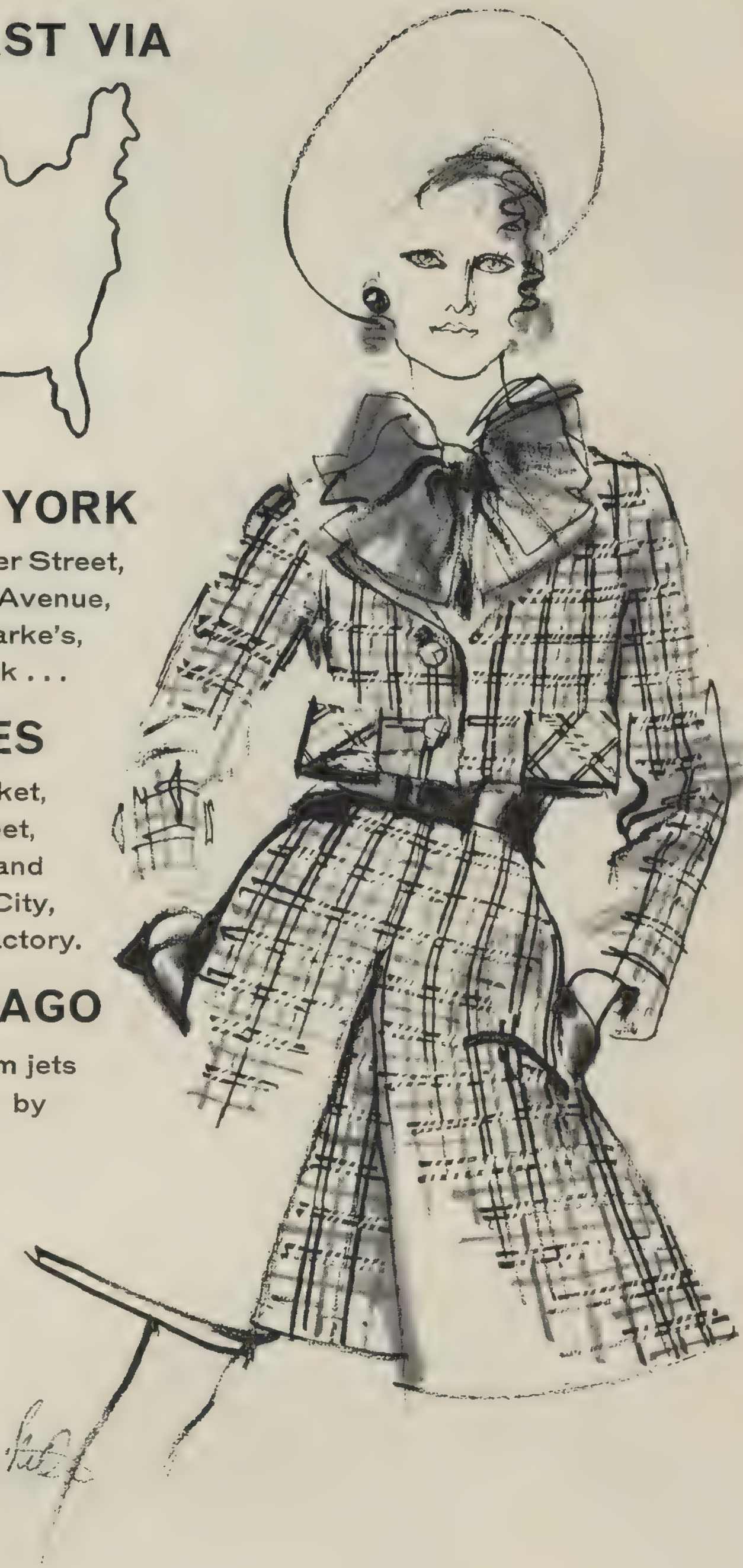
via ***TWA*** StarStream jets
in a travelling plaid costume by

Moe Nathan

at

Bramson

chicago and suburbs

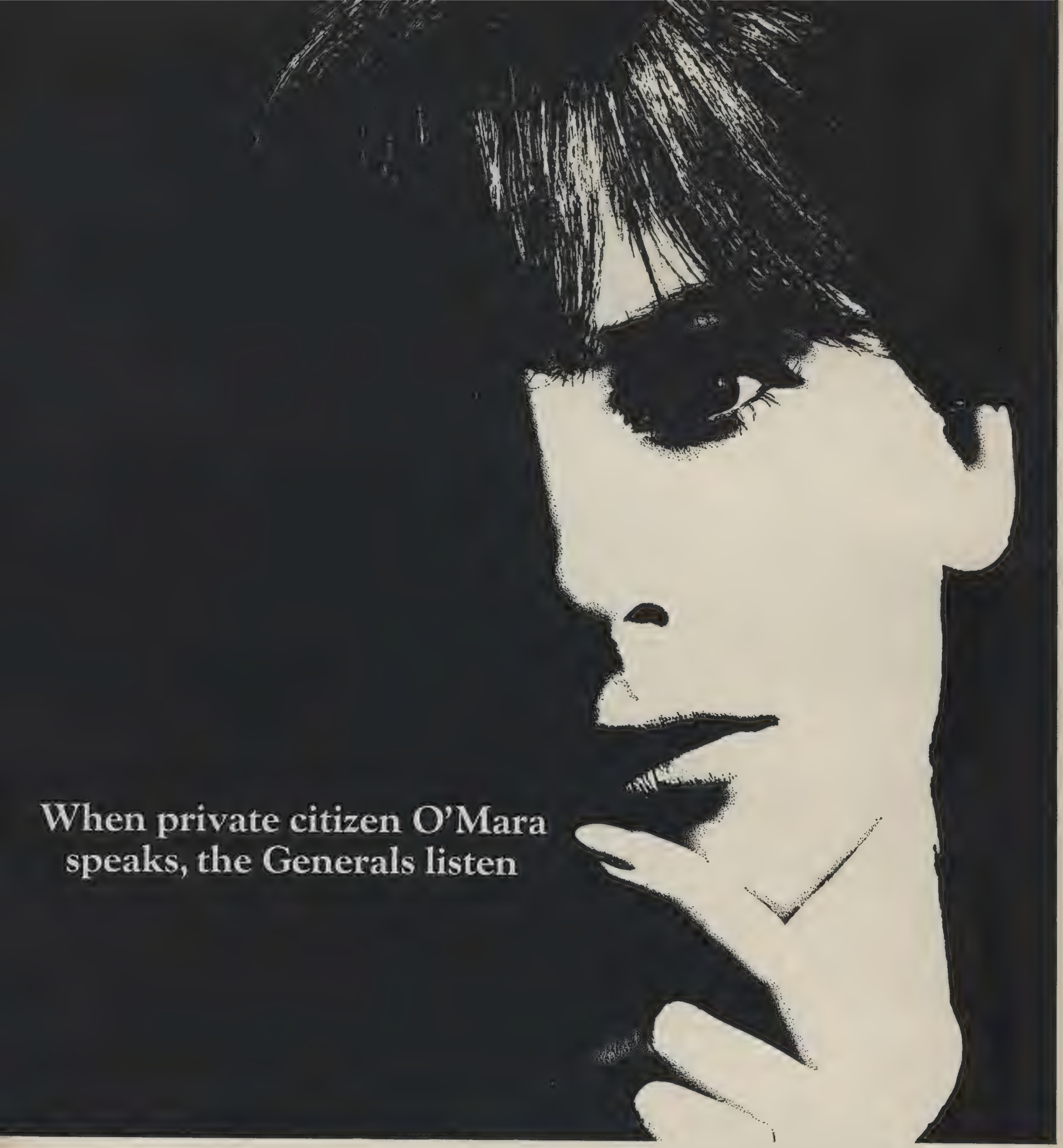




Now you can have sun-warmed skin all winter long with Go-Bronze by Estée Lauder

Go-Bronze warms every skin tone, turning mid-winter pallor into an ingeniously natural mid-tropical sheen. This transparent greaseless gel smooths on under or over make-up and dries instantly; comes off with soap and water. Formulated in four shades to make a woman look younger, more vibrant: Early Sun, Golden Sun, Deep Sun and Bronze Glow. Each, $5.

Estée Lauder



When private citizen O'Mara speaks, the Generals listen

General Foods, General Motors, General Mills *better* pay attention to the likes of Mrs. O'Mara. Because she—and *you*—buy only the brands you like. And drop the ones you don't.

That's the wonderful power you have when you have free choice. It's free choice that keeps the Generals on their toes trying to please the troops. And in competing with each other, they generally come up with something better. Or cheaper. Or else.

Yet, strangely enough, there are well-meaning people in this country today who just don't see it that way. They think Mrs. O'Mara is confused by *too much* choice in the marketplace. Or, maybe, just not bright enough to choose among all those different cake mixes or 36 different kinds of cars. Reduce the choice, they say. Wouldn't four kinds of cake mix be enough? Standardize the products. That will make shopping a lot quicker and easier for everybody.

The trouble is, who sets the standards? Not Mrs. O'Mara. She may be a wizard with a bowl of batter but she hasn't a test tube to her name. So, the critics suggest, let the government do her shopping for her.

That's sympathetic of them but Mrs. O'Mara's very favorite cake is a plum-nut mix—and that's apt to be the first to go when they start cutting back on choice. We hope yours is chocolate or vanilla because they stand a pretty good chance of surviving.

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above all... there's **CABOT**



of **DACRON®**

designed by IRMA SANTOS

Of 100% Dacron® polyester, this sleeveless creation is available in Cornsilk Yellow, Celeste Blue, Willow Green, Hush-Blush Pink, White or Black, sizes 6-16, about $55 slightly higher west of the Rockies. All fine stores everywhere including **Jordan Marsh, Boston; Best & Co., New York; Flah's, Albany; B. Forman, Rochester; Julius Garfinkel, Wash., D.C.** or write **Cabot Knitwear**, 1410 Broadway, New York, N.Y.

Vogue's 28th Prix de Paris

These are Thesis topics for Prix participants who have been notified by Vogue that they are eligible for this final stage in the competition.

Select one of the following questions, and answer in 1,500 words or less.

1. Who speaks most effectively *to* and *for* you and your contemporaries today?

2. Tell how it really is and has been on your campus. What has the school year been like, how have you been part of what's happening, how do you feel about it?

3. What's In and what's Out in your circle right now? What's fun-and-games, what's frowned upon? What are the raves at this stage in your life—in fashion, gimmicks and gadgets, books, movies, words and phrases, in people? What turns you off?

Your typewritten Thesis must be received by February 3, 1969. Mail to:
Prix de Paris Director,
Vogue, 420 Lexington Avenue,
New York, N.Y. 10017

VOGUE'S READY BEAUTY

Mirror, mirror, on the ball

The people who make those great lighted travelling mirrors have added a new twist to the pitch. Now the same turned-on mirror—flanked by bright double bulbs—is fitted into the top of a train case so you've got the mirror to make up by, plus the spot to stash-and-carry the makeup (and jewellery, maybe even a pair of slippers). Open, the mirror's in face-place, flips to magnify. Closed, one hand carries it on train or plane. Beige, bone, melon, or avocado, Mirror Go Lightly's Jet Set is a supersonic boon to pretty travelling. . . . But like a good little jet setter it also stays home once in a while. Mirror pops out of lid for land-locked dressing tables. Train case lies in wait.

When a clock's on face-saving time

Breathes there a skin whose owner has never decreed that it needs instant refreshment? Preferably total transformation? And a reversion to young, pink firmness is more easily ordained than attained. But, the clock *can* be set back somewhat. Actually, one might start setting-back manoeuvres ahead of time. Maybe right now. Among promising helpers is a new astringent treatment effected with two new entries by Imperial Formula, Astra Lotion and Astrin Cream. Although they go on and off separately, they're made to work in tandem to firm, refine texture, improve the acid-alkaline balance of any skin in need of a tonic. The lotion rosies up a mild glow, can be used solo as a freshener, prepares skin for cream. The cream, which is almost a lotion itself, goes on with a spatula, does a brisk tingle-lift—with cool. This doesn't happen in a minute. Takes, indeed, about twenty of them....Now, what was that you were saying about the clock?

Secret service for a spot of trouble

Trouble. It happens to even the prettiest young faces. A spotty happening. Old problem, young victim. Worthy old remedies very businesslike, but hitherto not especially captivating. Cover Girl, long-time operative in the field of slipping therapeutics into makeup, once more devises brilliant strategy, comes up with Plus 3 acne medicine. Entubed trouble-shooter. Does not only the serious job of helping to clear skin and prevent the spread of infection, but does it with surreptitious style. *Looks* like makeup (choose fair, medium, or brunette shade). *Feels* like makeup, delicate, creamy, non-cakable-uppable. *Goes on* like makeup and stays put. Wear Plus 3 acne medicine bare-faced or under a slip of Cover Girl makeup, which has similar good Noxzema endowments. Service those trouble spots—secretly.

(More Ready Beauty, page 40.)

Jacobson's

Michigan



Chester Weinberg shapes-up Spring in a snappy weskit suit of **Anglo Fabrics'** platinum wool flannel with navy silk crepe blouse.

SPANISH

1969 SPRING-SUMMER COLLECTIONS



HIGH FASHION

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Thursday, 23rd January:
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THE SIGNATURE TELLS THE STORY
The newest look in costumes
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Of Polyester knit in Blue Foam with white,
or Navy with white.
Both with multi-color scarf.
In our special sizes—14½ to 26½
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Your first weekend with the beautiful new 1969 Cadillac will be an irresistible temptation to go traveling. With its brilliant new styling—and spirited performance to match—even the most familiar trip will take on new excitement.

Cadillac



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If you can tell you're wearing makeup, you haven't got the Look of Today. What's right now is the 'realskin' look. Fresh. Natural. (And soft, soft, soft!)

To give you this 'unmakeup-y' look, we had to invent our own thing. The first translucent finish for the face. A skinny little slip of color-in-creme. It even feels translucent. Slight, light, layerless. Skin-deep in moisture. And it looks so convincing you'd swear it isn't makeup at all. And it's not. It's 'Demi Makeup'.

People will think it's your own fresh, flawless skin. (Let them.)



Translucent Flowing-Creme. Also: Pressed Powder/Loose Facepowder/Blushing Powder. In soft, soft demi-shades.

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Polaroid portrait by Marie Cosindas commissioned by Helena Rubinstein, Inc., 1968. Dress and jewels by Pauline Trigère. © 1968 Helena Rubinstein, Inc.

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David Crystal's invitation to pure prettiness—*Right,* delectable print in pinks or blues in a non-wrinkle Bandura™ knit of nylon. V-neck flattery, cuffed sleeves, gently sashed. Sizes 8 to 18. About $45. And Bandura™ knit again, *far right,* in a turquoise or toast print skimmer with gathered cuffs that make a puffed sleeve. Sizes 6 to 16. About $40.

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David Crystal's fashion fabric—
Imported Jacquard Piqué, cotton and rayon, for washable, wearable ease. *Right,* the crisp little sleeveless dress, white with scallops in red or aqua. Sizes 8 to 18. About $40. *Far right,* the same fashion appeal with easy Minicare® fabric in a button shirt dress with Ban-Lon® lace trim. All white, Sizes 6 to 16. About $40.



Harzfeld's
Petticoat Lane Kansas City, Mo.

Jordan Marsh
FLORIDA

Sakowitz
HOUSTON



DAVID CRYSTAL'S BAN-LON® COLOR FIELD



David Crystal's Own Ban-Lon®
Prints by Tseklenis—Fresh as a flower garden. Of nylon, in delectable colors. *Right,* the long sleeved skimmer with the same wonderful Ban-Lon® features, ready for town or terrace or travel. In lilac/aqua/pink or beige/green/yellow. Sizes 8 to 18. About $40.
Far right, the shirtwaist classic with ¾ sleeve in lilac/green or beige/pink. Sizes 8 to 18. About $40.

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Prices may vary slightly in certain cities.
All dresses available at additional stores.
See column listing immediately following these pages.



Look for David Crystal's easy-care Color Field dresses, pages 34 to 39, at these fine stores.

Abilene, Texas ....Grissom's
Abingdon, Va. .....Maxine's
Aiken, S.C..Julia's Dress Shop
Akron, Ohio .....Birnbaum's
Alexandria, La. ..Gus Kaplan
Altadena, Calif. .....Polly's
Americus, Ga..A. Cohen & Son
Anchorage, Alas. .....
Welch's Style Shop
Anderson, S.C....Vogue Shop
Ann Arbor, Mich. ...Hutzel's
Appleton, Wis. ....Bee Frank
Ardmore, Okla. .....
Daube's Department Store
Asbury Park, N.J. .....
Dainty Apparel
Asheboro, N.C. ...Belk-Yates
Asheville, N.C...John Carroll
Ashland, Ky. .....Delmar's
Ashland, Ohio .....
Casual Shop-Forecast Inc.
Athens, Ohio .....Logan's
Atlanta, Ga. ...Leon Frohsin
Auburn, N.Y. .....Bramley's
Augusta, Ga. .....
Punch Mulherin, Inc.
Baltimore, Md. .....
Miller Brothers
Bay City, Mich. .....
Mary K, Dress Studio, Inc.
Belle Meade, Tenn. .....
Grace's Shop
Bethesda, Md. ..Haber & Co.
Beverly, Mass...Lorraine Roy
Binghamton, N.Y. ...Drazens
Birmingham, Ala. .....
Mimie Plunket
Birmingham, Mich. ... ...
Bloomfield Fashion Shop
Bismarck, N. Dak. .....
The Alex Ruth Shop
Bloomington, Ill. .....
Paul Anderson, Inc.
Bloomington, Ind. .....
The Kings' Shop
Bluefield, W. Va. .....
The Thornton Company
Boise, Idaho.....Carroll's
Bozeman, Mont...Angionettes
Buffalo, N.Y. ..Mabel Danahy
Burlington, Vt. .....Mayfair
Butler, Pa. .....
The Vogue of Butler
Caldwell, Idaho .....
The Clothes Tree
Cambridge, Mass. .....
Gertrude Singer
Carmel, Calif..Cinderella Shop
Casper, Wyo. ...Blakey & Co.
Cedar Falls, Iowa ...Braley's
Chambersburg, Pa. .....
The Little Shop
Champaign, Ill. .....
Karoll Kaufman
Charleston, S.C. ...Berlin's
Charleston, W. Va. .....
The Vogue Inc
Charlottesville, Va. .....
Hazel Eastham, Inc.
Chehalis, Wash. .....
Bartel's Women's Shop
Cheyenne, Wyo. .....
National Furs and Fashions
Chico, Calif....M. Oser & Co.
Chillicothe, Ohio ....Tudor's
Cincinnati, Ohio ....Pogue's
Clarksburg, W. Va. ..Broidas
Clearwater, Fla. .....
Slimer's Resort Wear
Colorado Springs, Colo. ....
Gray Rose
Columbia, S.C. .....
Lisbeth Wolfe
Columbus, Miss. ....Pryor's
Concord, Mass. .....
The Wool Shop
Corona Del Mar, Calif. .....
O'Brien's
Culpeper, Va. .....Jayne's
Cumberland, Md. ...Peskin's
Danvers, Mass. .Lorraine Roy
Danville, Ill. .....
Parisian Oscar Meis
Darien, Conn.....Inez
Dayton, Ohio ... Billy Lewis
Daytona Beach, Fla. .....
Sussman's
Decatur, Ill. .....Williams
Delray Beach, Fla. .....
Nina Raynor
Des Moines, Iowa ....Wolf's
Douglas, Ariz. .....Adele's
Dover, Dela.....Emanuel's
Dubois, Pa. ....Leonardson's
Dubuque, Iowa.....Zuckies
Duluth, Minn. .....
Arthur A. Silver
Oyersburg, Tenn. .....
Schlesinger's
Elgin, Ill. .....The Boutique
Ephrata, Wash. .....
The Barnes Shop
Euclid, Ohio .....Gornik's
Eugene, Ore. .....
Bon Marche Russells
Fairmont, Minn. ...Georgia's
Fargo, N. Dak. ..... Herbst
Fargo, N. Dak ....Shotwell's
Findlay, Ohio .....Gair's
Florence, S. C. .....
Nettie Elizabeth Shoppe
Fort Myers, Fla. ..Elsa's Inc.
Frederick, Md. ..Haber & Co.
Fredericksburg, Va. .....
Haber & Co.
Freeport, Ill...Borchers, Inc.
Freeport, L.I., N.Y. .....
Fredericks
Fremont, Ohio .....
Schmidt Hat & Gift Shop
Fresno, Calif. ....Mona Lisa
Gadsden, Ala. .....Jack Saks
Gastonia, N. C. .....
Matthews-Belk
Glen Ellyn, Ill. .....
Heritage House
Gloucester, Mass. ..Adasko's
Grand Rapids, Mich.....
Alice Jane Dows
Granville, Ohio .....
Phoebe's Custom Apparel
Green Bay, Wis. .....Kohl's
Greenville, N. C. ....Brody's
Greenwich, Conn. .....Ginny
Greer, S.C...Elsie D. Fleming
Guilford, Conn. ..Fred Phipps
Hagerstown, Md..Haber & Co.
Hanover, N. H. .....
Town & Country Shops
Harrisonburg, Va. .....
Jimmie's Dress Shop
Hartford, Conn. .....
Stackpole, Moore, Tryon
Haverford, Pa. .....
Celeste Hecksher
Hazleton, Pa.....Catherine's
Helena, Mont. .....
J. M. McDonald
Henderson, Texas....Smith's
Hickory, N. C. ..Katie's, Inc.
High Point, N. C. .....
Collier Ellis & Co.
Hinsdale, Ill..Heritage House
Huntington, W. Va. .....
Brown's Apparel
Indianapolis, Ind. .....
The Wm. H. Block Co.
Jacksonville, Fla. ....Bolun's
Jacksonville, Ill. ...Newell's
Jamestown, N.Y. .Nord's Inc.
Johnstown, Pa. .. ...Brett's
Jonesboro, Ark. .....
University Center Dress Shop
Killeen, Texas .....Clytie's
Kinston, N. C.....Brody's
Klamath Falls, Ore. .....
Fashion Villa
Knoxville, Tenn. .....
Peggy Cain Fashions
Koscuisko, Miss. ...O'Tella's
Laguna Beach, Calif. .....
Beach & Blvd.
La Jolla, Calif...Claire Stuard
Lake Charles, La. .....Riff's
Lake City, Fla. .....
Bruce Clothing Co.
Lake San Marcos, Calif. ....
Ev-Lyn's
Lansing, Mich. .....
The Style Shop
Laredo, Texas...Polly Adams
Las Cruces, N. Mex. .....
Geor Jess
Laurel, Miss. ..Naomi McRae
Lawton, Okla. ..The Parisian
Lexington, Ky. .....Meyers
Ligonier, Pa..Post & Rail, Inc.
Lincoln, Neb. .....
Hovland-Swanson
Logansport, Ind. .....
Plotner's Viola's
Long Beach, Calif. ..Schick's
Longmeadow, Mass. .....
The Ivy Shop
Lynchburg, Va. ..Stork's Inc.
Lynnfield, Mass. .....
Lorraine Roy
Lynn, Mass. ..Vogue Apparel
Macon, Ga. .....Stephen's
Madison, Wis. .....
MacNeil and Moore
Magnolia, Ark. .....May's
Mankato, Minn. .....Pierce
Marblehead, Mass. .....
Lorraine Roy
Marfa, Texas..The Irish Shop
Marietta, Ohio.Bonham's Inc.
Martinsburg, W. Va. .....
M. Cohen & Son
Mayfair, Wis. .....
MacNeil and Moore
Medford, Ore..Jean Hart, Inc.
Memphis, Tenn. .....
Cathryn Young
Menlo Park, Calif. .....
The Surrey Shop
Milford, Dela. ....Emanuel's
Millburn, N. J. .....Morris's
Milwaukee, Wis. .....
MacNeil and Moore
Minot, N. Dak. .....Bader's
Mobile, Ala. .....Raphael's
Modesto, Calif. .....
Lee's Apparel
Monroe, La .....
The Woman's Shop
Montclair, N.J. ..Frederick's
Monterey, Calif. ...Howard's
Montgomery, Ala. ..Alex Rice
Morgantown, W. Va. ..Finn's
Mt. Vernon, Wash. .....
Anne Richards
Muskegon, Mich. .....
Cherin's Furs & Fine Aoparel
Napa, Calif. ...Rosee Shoppe
Naples, Fla. .....Elsa's Inc.
Nashua, N. H. ..Avard's Inc.
Nashville, Tenn..Grace's Shop
New Brunswick, N.J...Zarra's
New Canaan, Conn. .....
Cherida Inc.
New Hartford, N. Y. .....
E. Cramer and Son
New Haven, Conn. .....
Fred Phipps
New Orleans, La..Godchaux's
Newton, Mass...The Ivy Shop
Norfolk, Va. .....
Sarah Cohen, Inc.
Norristown, Pa. .....Feder's
North Hollywood, Calif. .....
Rathbuns
Nyack, N.Y. ..Blue Bird Shop
Ocala, Fla. .....Blocker's
Oconomowoc, Wis. .....
Snyders Fine Clothes
Odessa, Texas .....
L'Allegro Fashions
Ogden, Utah.The Bon Marche
Oklahoma City, Okla. .....
Jerome's
Olean, N.Y. .....Jaynes
Okmulgee, Okla...Poplinger's
Oregon City, Ore. .....
Lance Apparel
Orinda, Calif. .....
Jack Hughes Inc.
Osterville, Mass. .....
The Wool Shop
Painted Post, N.Y. .....
Mary Kirkland
Park Ridge, Ill. .....
The Park Shop
Pasadena, Texas.....
Ella Pryor Fashions, Inc.
Phoenix, Ariz. ....Goldwaters
Pikesville, Md. ....1114 Shop
Plainfield, N. J. ....Tepper's
Plainview, Texas .....
Marse & Son
Pomona, Calif. .....
The Closet—"John P. Evans"
Pompano Beach, Fla. .....
Nancy Packard Gowns
Ponca City, Okla. ...French's
Port Angeles, Wash. .....
Hankin's Fashion Center
Portland, Ore. .....
Charles F. Berg
Providence, R. I. ..Lee's Inc.
Punta Gorda, Fla. .Elsa's Inc.
Quincy, Ill. .....
Roderick P. Miller
Racine, Wis. ....Murray-Held
Raleigh, N. C. ....Ellisberg's
Redding, Calif. .Battle Turner
Reno, Nev. .....Menard's
Renton, Wash. ....Hashagen
Richardson, Texas .....
Country Duchess
Richmond, Ind...Palais Royal
Ridgewood, N.J. .Jenny Banta
Ridgway, Pa. .....
Linnea's of Ridgway
Roanoke, Va. .....Horne's
Rochester, Mich..Mitzelfeld's
Rochester, N.Y. .....
The Lita Shop Inc.
Rockford, Ill. ..Edith Parrish
Rockingham, N. C. .....
Long's of Rockingham, Inc.
Rome, Ga. .....Esserman's
Roswell, N. Mex. .Elizabeth's
Saginaw, Mich. .....
Mader Shop, Inc.
St. Cloud, Minn..Vogue Shops
St. Joseph, Mich..Blakes, Inc.
St. Petersburg, Fla. .....
Slimer's Resort Wear
Salem, Mass. .....Adasko's
Salem, Ore. .....Kay's
Salem, Va. .....Balmoral
Salina, Kan. .....Shelton's
Salisbury, N. C. .....
Purcell's-Richard Dobkin
Salt Lake City, Utah .....
Arthur Frank
San Angelo, Texas .....
Barnes & Co.
San Luis Obispo, Calif. .....
Sinsheimer Bros.
San Marino, Calif. .....
Damons of San Marino
Santa Cruz, Calif. .....
Towntry Fashions
Santa Monica, Calif. .....
Sandy's Fashions
Sarasota, Fla. .....
Town N' Country
Saratoga, Calif. .....
The Blue Parasol
Savannah, Ga. .....Fine's
Schenectady, N.Y. ..Imperial
Scottsdale, Ariz. .Goldwaters
Scranton, Pa. .....Dolitzky
Seaside, Calif. .....Julie's
Seaside, Ore. .....Kay Lynn
Seattle, Wash. ...Littler Inc.
Sedona, Ariz. .....
The Village Shop
Shadyside, Pa....Ruth Young
Sheridan, Wyo. ..Angionettes
Sherman, Texas .....Price's
Sherman Oaks, Calif. .....
Eddie Lewis
Sheyboygan, Wis. .....
Friede's Inc.
Short Hills, N.J. ....Tepper's
Shreveport, La. .....Baird's
Sidney, N.Y...Chez Josephine
Simsbury, Conn..The Calliope
Southern Pines, N.C. .....
Franjean's
South Orange, N.J. ...Gemini
Spartanburg, S.C. .....
The Aug. W. Smith Co.
Spokane, Wash..Hannah Kohn
Spring Lake, N.J. .Frederick's
Stamford, Conn...Ethel Allan
Staunton, Va. .....
Schwarzschild's
Stevens Point, Wis. .....
Campbell's
Strafford, Pa. .....
The Carriage Trade
Streator, Ill. ....Esther Kirk
Stroudsburg, Pa. .....
Frances Burrows
Summit, N.J. ....Miss Nellie
Swarthmore, Pa. .....
The Park Avenue Shop, Inc.
Syracuse, N.Y. .....
E. W. Edwards and Son
Tampa, Florida.Wolf Brothers
Terre Haute, Ind. ..Pearce's
Toledo, Ohio .....
Micki Lane Shop
Tuscon, Ariz. .....
Sil-Vana's Fashions
Tulsa, Okla. .....Dorothy's
Uniontown, Pa. .....
Ina's Dress Shop
Utica, Mich. ....Mitzelfeld's
Ventura, Calif. .....
Scott's Apparel
Victoria, Texas .....
M. O. Simon Co.
Virginia, Minn. .....
The Quality Shop
Walla Walla, Wash..Gardners
Washington, D.C..Haber & Co.
Washington, Pa....Hal Lewis
Waterloo, Iowa .....Braley's
Watsonville, Calif. .....
Towntry Fashions
Wayne, Pa. .....
The Carriage Trade
Waynesburg, Pa. .....
Jo Ann's Village Casuals
Webster Groves, Mo. .....
The Station Store
Wellesley, Mass. .....
The Wool Shop
Wenatchee, Wash. .....
Webb's Shoppe
West Chester, Pa. .....
Joel Weiss Inc.
West Covina, Calif. .....
Sport & Spree
Western Springs, Ill. .....
Myree Fashions
Westfield, N. J....Jane Smith
Westport, Conn. ..Kay Walsh
Wheeling, W. Va...Hal Lewis
Whitefish Bay, Wis. .....
MacNeil and Moore
Williamsport, Pa..Lynn Hayes
Winona, Minn. .....
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Wichita Falls, Texas...Elwyn
Wichita, Kan.....Lewin's
Winchester, Va. .....
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Woodstock, Vt. .....
Town & Country Shops
Wooster, Ohio .....
Beulah Bechtel Shop
Worcester, Mass. .....
The Ivy Shop
Youngstown, Ohio .....
Birnbaum's
Zanesville, Ohio .....
Orpha Flowers Shop

VOGUE'S READY BEAUTY

Shape centre strikes a body blow

Concerned until now with the figure you cut, Bali (Bali who? Right: the underthings-are-dynamite people) insinuates itself endearingly one layer deeper to the shape your skin is in. To enroll in their four-point body beautiful program, strip to the buff and dive into a capful of Bali Bath Oil Perfume—plus your personal preference level in bath water. Emerge smooth and scenty for stage two. A quick lather with Body Creme. It moisturizes, but is absolutely non-goo. Stage three: push-button Powder Mist settles on you in the finest slipper satin spray. After all that exertion, cool down with the matching cologne. They call it Body Freshener. . . . Purchase this particular beauty program (labelled Bali Body Cares) from the counter right beside the lingerie that started it all.

Brush away the tears

Eye versus makeup protest movements sometimes take the form of rashes, itching, tears, and any other irritation they can think of. Soothing these touchy eyes has, for years, been the kindly work of the people who make hypoallergenic makeup, formulated to eschew ingredients that cause allergies so that, in most cases, the effects on eyes are swell, not swelling. Now, more clear-eyed news: Three new brush-on kinds of eye makeup from Ar-Ex, all in snappy little tortoise-looking cases with gold-coloured doodles. Eye shadow in eight colours including white, grey, some pretty green-to-blues. Eyeliner in black, brown, blue. Eyebrows, likewise brush-on, in black, grey, and two browns. All with brushes, shaped to do their special thing. Stop there? Not our Ar-Ex. Realizing that what goes on must come off, they also provide new eye makeup remover pads. Fifty in a jar. Swipe, swipe. Eyes back to nature, still no tears. . . .

Look at it this way . . . and this way and this way

Now there's a pair of really good-looking sunglasses with switchable lenses. Switch twice? No, thrice? That's right. Rectangular frames into which and out of which pop, at your convenience, three different sets of coloured lenses. You choose according to mood, or follow the maker's suggestion —one for sun, one for fun, one for evening. Dark tortoise frames come with brown, frost blue, and apricot lenses; honey tortoise frames with grey, sage green, and yellow lenses; chalk white with blue, lilac, and pink. Each in a bright little tote with pockets for parking the spare lenses. It's right in there with Dick Tracy's watch and James Bond's car, and it's happening now—$25 the whole kit and caboodle. Delacroix, the maker. Lord & Taylor; I. Magnin.



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Wet or dry . . . the way to go is chic to chic. In summer girl sunthings with a cool new crinkle. **Bandura**™ go-togethers of **DuPont** nylon. From the Smilewear™ collection! Swimdress $28. Slinkcoat $16.

just wear a smile and a jantzen

High fashion model
Marylou Bloch
announces a free
preview sampling
to acquaint you
with
Carissa
COSMETICS
WITH ALOE

Available soon in elegant shops and salons. Presently in Milgrims and Sara Fredricks.



"Carissa designs an original make-up for the unique woman . . . custom blended for the subtle charm of natural beauty. The Aloe, nature's most effective moisturizer, soothes and heals as it beautifies."
Marylou Bloch

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1. FRESHENER
Brightens, refreshes. Non-drying.
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Softens, protects as it cleanses.
3. MOISTURIZER WITH ALOE
Dewy freshness under makeup.
4. BOOKLET OF BEAUTY TIPS FROM TOP MODELS
5. MODEL ANALYSIS CHART
Send name, address and $1 to cover postage and handling. All 5 preview items free.

Marylou Bloch
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The Sticky Bit: Trading Stamps

By Elaine Kendall

Their face value is just a tenth of a cent each, and that isn't much. Trading stamps are easy to dismiss with a casual "forget 'em"—a beau geste for pennies. The stamps have been around for seventy years, and though the novelty has worn off, the stamp companies are in solid financial position. Considered all together, stamps are a billion-dollar business, of which The Sperry and Hutchinson Company accounts for a clear third.

The going rate is one stamp for each ten cents spent. The most popular plans offer three dollars worth of merchandise for each filled book of 1,200 stamps, so that even though it may take five years for an average family to eat its way up to a Chrysler Flamingo Outboard Runabout with motor (364 books), it can be done. Still, the boat is not precisely a gift, or even a rebate on purchases. It's more accurate to say that the premium is bought with money put aside in a little green book instead of a little tin box. The boat effectively costs $1,092; there are places where one can do better.

Stamps add 2 per cent to the participating retailers' overhead, and that 2 per cent is passed along, as unobtrusively as possible, to the customer. It doesn't always appear as simple markup, but may surface as fewer "specials," less frequent sales, cutbacks in service, a smaller staff, or no deliveries.

Non-stamp stores have one effective anti-stamp weapon, and they use it over and over: Save Money. It isn't quite powerful enough. People in general seem to *prefer* saving stamps to saving money. Money has a way of getting out of the little tin box or never finding its way there in the first place. Stamps stay put and turn into assorted desirabilia. So many people put up with the inconveniences of stamp saving—longer waits at the check-out counter, higher costs, pasting, counting, bookkeeping, and travelling to and from redemption centres—that the stamp companies have become the largest single customers of the appliance manufacturers, outbuying even Sears Roebuck.

Those who aren't interested in stamps can almost always find somewhere else to shop. Public-spirited citizens can give their stamps to charities, which redeem them for cash or equipment. (Schools have gotten buses this way.) Tougher-minded customers can turn their stamps in for cash at $1.20 per book, although actually getting the money can be a long and frustrating process, even in those states where the law is clear on the subject. The people who take the dimmest view of trading stamps are the retailers, who often find that they have very little choice in the matter. Once their competitors take on a stamp plan, the pressure to offer a similar inducement is inexorable. According to the stamp companies, the plans build loyalty and increased trade, but the storekeeper often discovers that the loyalty is to the *stamp* rather than to him. Assiduous stamp-savers have been known to switch allegiance at the drop of a bonus in the next town.

There is, moreover, the sticky question of what happens to unredeemed or discarded stamps. Those are a mere 5 per cent of the total issue, but that's about forty million dollars' worth of paid-for stamps. The stamp companies must have a particular fondness for the cavalier among us.

Although things have quieted down since the wildcat days of the early 1960's, when stamps were handed out by funeral directors, hairdressers, and real-estate salesmen, the plans are firmly entrenched. The giants—S & H, Top Value, Plaid—are bigger than ever. The stamp economists (a specialized field, but one with its own Ph.D.'s) have discovered that the end of a war always means a renewed surge of interest in trading stamps.

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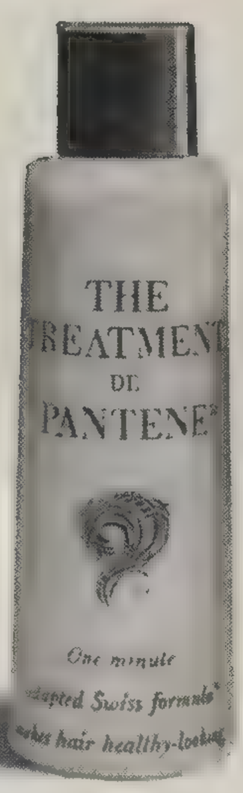


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for DAMON

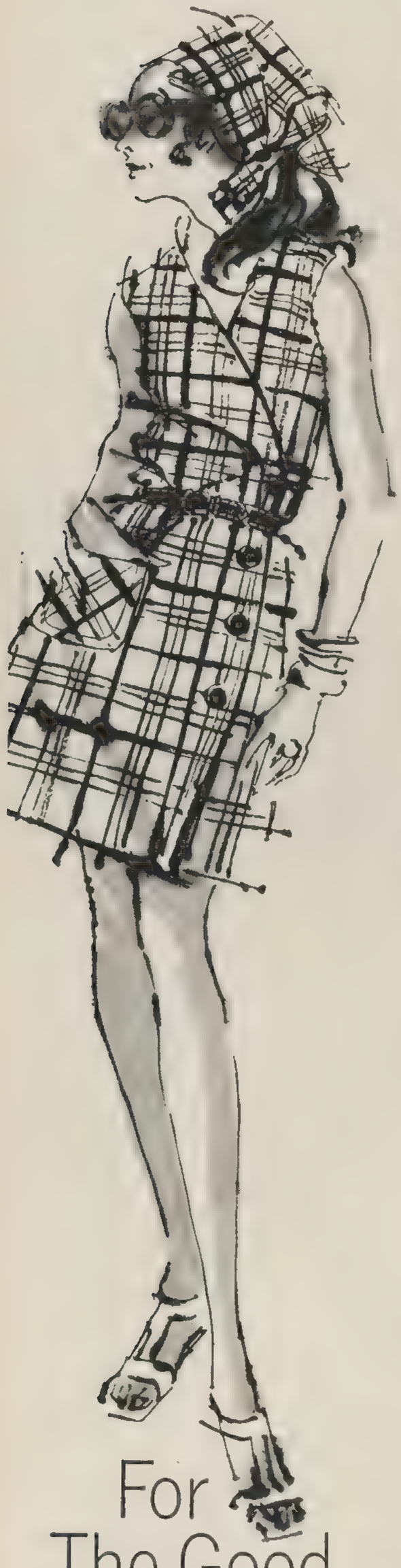


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The Good
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David Smith.

Follow the sun in our short play dress with separate pants. In Ameritex's® navy and white or brown and white plaid of Celanese Arnel® and cotton. (The pants are in a solid color). Sizes 8 to 18. Price: $33. Matching plaid scarf is $5.

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by David Smith
David H. Smith, Inc., 1407 Broadway, New York

BEAUTY CHECKOUT

January 1

Wash 'n' blow: 1969 hair way

Predicted for young hair, 1969: a new approach to hair drying. . . . We checked out a new New York beauty salon where not only has the conventional hooded dryer been superseded, but so, for the most part, have rollers. . . . Found The Crimpers a lively garden of hair doings set to jumping music. Apple-green and Chinese-red comfort, terra-cotta tiled floor, vistas of the old brick dwellings and trees of East 62nd Street through wide windows and facing mirrors. Loads of wickerwork, geraniums, fernery—some real, some whimsey, all ebullient. . . . Local "crimpers": three girls, three boys, 19 to 24 in age. All six in pants, all busy crimping the style of hair of clients who wear friskily-striped smocks. (Well, not really crimping, mind you. Crimpers is the English word for hairdressers and these "crimpers" are more for straight than curl.) . . . Henri Bendel's hair artist, Paul Mitchell, whose inspiration this is, specially trained each Crimper. "Paul taught us what cutting and styling really are," said one willowy Crimperette. "I used to think of hairdressing as a 'tease it—spray it—send it out' sort of thing. Now I know that it can be creative, can be a real profession." . . . What Paul taught them besides his famous, to-order cutting is their "wash 'n' blow" procedure. One hand knows what the other is doing. Left hand dries hair with small blower, right hand sorts it out with a round brush, straightens it, flips it, turns it under, irons out kinks, achieves height by brushing upward. By the time you're dry, you're all "set." Not only saves time (in and out takes 1 hour with cut, 45 minutes without), but saves hair from roller tension and marks, leaves hair free and swinging, easy to care for. . . . Fine, pin-straight hair gets Carmen Curlers; by the time last one goes in, first one comes out. . . . Only the curliest hair gets rollers, these to smooth. Then it's hurried to a far corner where regular dryers are discreetly camouflaged amidst the rampant verdure. Half dry, Crimper and hand dryer take over. . . . Your time is of the essence at The Crimpers, and so is your money. From a clean-cut "menu," you buy à la carte (cut, $6; shampoo, $1; treatment shampoo, $2; 1-week colour, $1; 5-week colour, $6; permanent, $10) . . . "Basically this is a salon for young hair," said Rodd Harmon, the business manager. "So we concentrate on styling and speed and economy, teaching young women how to handle their own hair, thriftily." . . . "But," he added, with a wary glance at the reporter, "when we speak of young hair, that of course has nothing to do with birth certificates." . . . (The Crimpers, 137 East 62nd St., N. Y. 10022. Tues.-Fri., 11-8; Sat., 9-6.)

Spineless smokers of the world: write

The best of New Year's resolutions often go up in smoke—and the resolve to stop smoking is high on the casualty list. We speak from dreary experience. . . . To our aid, and that of other spineless smokers, now comes—a trumpet fanfare, please—the United States Government's Department of Health, Education, and Welfare, with a slim, helpful pamphlet called—realistically—*If You Must Smoke.* It offers five simple, un-will-powery ways to cut down on smoking sharply, if you can't cut it out—or, at least, to cut down on the damage inflicted by each cigarette. One, pick a brand lower in tar and nicotine than your present one . . . two, smoke only the first half or two-thirds of each cigarette . . . three, take fewer puffs . . . four, inhale less of the puffs you do take . . . and five, smoke fewer cigarettes per day. The booklet also offers a few graphs and tables that may make the Big Crunchy Decision a whole lot easier. . . . Single copies will be sent free, postage prepaid, on written request to "Smoking," Public Health Service, Arlington, Virginia 22203.

More Beauty Checkout, page 56

SANDCASTLE® SWIMWEAR
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"Promise" in ARNEL® jersey.
From the Sandcastle collection, available at fine stores.



Sandcastle®–Another fine Kayser-Roth product.
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BEAUTY CHECKOUT

January 1







The moth eye wings its way into 1969

Predicted in these pages a few months back, the moth eye of The Girls in Paris has fluttered to these shores. How it's done is illustrated, *above*, by Christine, Saint Laurent's famous mannequin—possessor of two of the prettiest, softest eyes in Paris, and the beauty who launched the whole look. Softness is the watchword, the key to it all—no hard lines anywhere; a soft smudge of brown shadow from lid to brow that hovers over the eye like a moth's wing, mysterious and appealing . . . accentuated by dark-brown pencilling to extend the delicate arching brow, white highlighting on the temple point above the eye. Only a little brown eyeliner is used, and that only on the upper lid—since it's now clearly recognized that lining either the upper or lower lid "opens" the eye, while lining both lids closes and narrows it like a snake's. . . . Here then, blink by blink, is how Christine does it. Starting from the top: *Step 1.* Brown powder brush-on shadow worked from upper lash line to brow, in an elongated, lying-down triangle—point up, base down; short inner angle near the nose, long outer angle running out towards the temple. *Step 2.* White brush-on shadow applied to eye bone between the brow and the smudge of brown shadow, softened and blended with fingertip where they meet. . . . Brown shadow extended towards nose, softened and blended from inner edge of triangle. . . . Eyebrow darkened, lengthened with dark brown pencil, lightening at outer end. *Step 3.* Narrowest stroke of brown eyeliner along lash line of upper lid, then a strip of feathery false eyelashes. On the lower lid, a few false eyelashes applied in sparse little clusters, and no—repeat, no—liner underneath.



If your skin is living in a dry state.

Rosanna calls it tout-toot.



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THE WARNACO GROUP



Don't wait for summer. *Elisabeth Stewart*

VOGUE'S NOTEBOOK

Raffles—a club with a new feeling



1 Raffles—a club unique in New York that really *is* a club, with limited membership, an admission board—is sparked by a spirit that is wholly now, wholly new. Cecil Beaton designed the club and his mark is everywhere: in the walls, "rich and rare, dark green on green," in the stained-glass ceiling lit like a sunburst from behind, in the delicious mélange of paintings, prints, engravings, and autographed photographs by Beaton hanging on the velvet-covered walls and painted pillars. The rule against taking photographs was broken when Mr. Beaton gave a preview party for a startling and successful mixture of guests. Friends met friends on tours of discovery. Things discovered: the discothèque with its brilliant kaleidoscopic background; the velvet curtains on brass rails above the long banquettes; the curtained *cabinets particuliers*, and especially the clever table placement which makes everyone feel, wherever they are, that they are right in the heart of things.

1. Inside Raffles. 2. Mr. John Barry Ryan, III; Miss Janet Lyle. 3. Mr. and Mrs. Michael Zimmer. 4. Colonel Serge Obolensky, Lady Hartwell. 5. Miss Pamela Braga, Miss Berry Berenson. 6. Mr. Cecil Beaton dancing with Mrs. Winston F. C. Guest. 7. View through to the discothèque. 8. Mr. Jeremy Chisholm, Miss Mimi di Niscemi. 9. Mrs. William Woodward; Mr. Lawrence W. Lowman; in the background, Mrs. Gilbert Miller. 10. Mrs. John Barry Ryan, III; Mr. Samuel P. Spiegel. 11. Mr. Robert Levine, Mrs. Wyatt Cooper.



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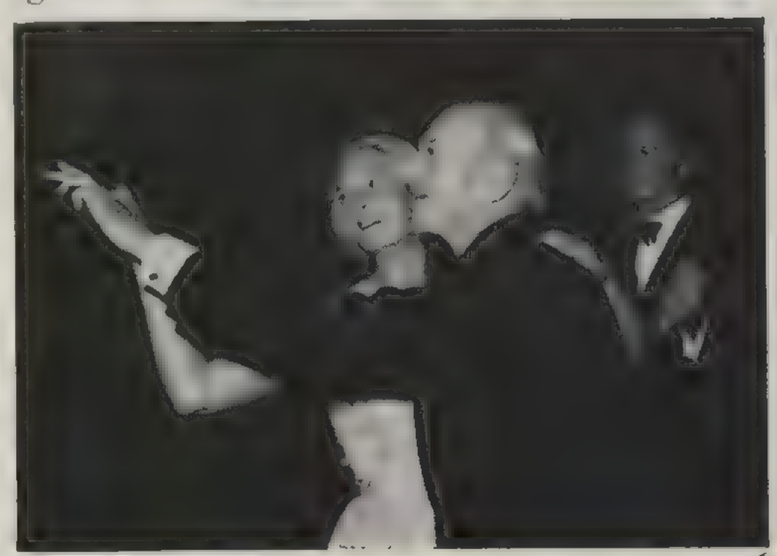
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The swim suit by Elisabeth Stewart. The fiber by Enka. The photograph by Horn/Griner.

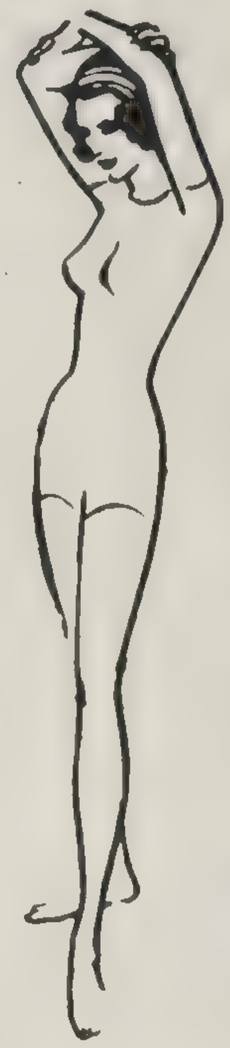


Enka One of the great producers of man-made fiber.

The fiber is Enkalure® nylon. Fabric is crepe d'art print by Folker Fabrics. Two-piece swim suit with cover-up by Elisabeth Stewart. In brown/gold or blue/pink combinations. Swim suit in sizes 8-14. Cover-up in sizes small, medium and large. Two piece suit about $21. Cover-up about $23. At Bloomingdale's, New York; Carson, Pirie, Scott, Chicago; I. Magnin, West Coast.

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VOGUE'S

Fashion and Bach at the French Embassy in Washington



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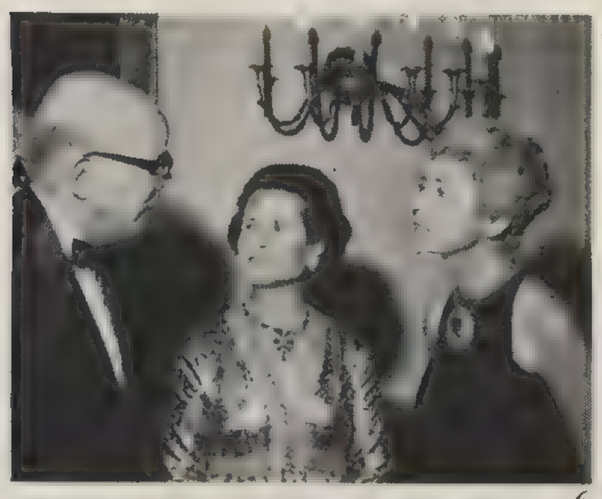
The French Embassy floats some of Washington's best parties, so, when Madame Grès showed her collection, brought from Paris, to benefit the Alliance Française de Washington, no one held back.

An international organization running cultural and literary liaison between the French and other nationalities, the Alliance, this time, was raising funds for its Washington building program. At the Embassy, to the cool Bach counterpoint of the Swingle Singers, Madame Grès's eight mannequins from Paris swizzled down the marble stairs and gave *le grand tour* of the reception rooms, all filled with the first five hundred ticket-snappers, for whose added pleasure there was an easy-going buffet supper and fast-going dancing later on the Embassy's terrace turned into an enclosed winter garden for this one night.



4

NOTEBOOK



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1. One of Madame Grès's mannequins on the Embassy's terrace. 2. Mme. Grès (right), with Begum Yavar Jung. 3. Baronne André Baeyens, Comte Réginald de Warren, and Mme. Jean-Max Bouchaud. 4. H.E. Ambassador and Mme. Talat Al-Ghoussein with (right) Mrs. Scott Heuer, junior. 5. H.E. Charles Lucet, Ambassador of France; Mrs. Poe Burling, co-chairman of the benefit committee; Mme. Lucet. 6. Lady Margaret Walker and Mrs. Francis L. Spalding. 7. Mrs. Arthur Gardner, senior, and Mrs. Fitzhugh Green. 8. Mr. and Mrs. William McCormick Blair, junior. 9. Mr. Herbert Christian L. Merillat and Mrs. Neil Carothers, III. 10. A Grès evening dress mirrored in one of the Embassy's guest-filled reception rooms.



9

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The Prophetic Look
The 1969 costume
in navy, bound in white
—belted in shiny red.
In Whisper fabric.
Sizes 6 to 14. About $190.
At all fine stores.

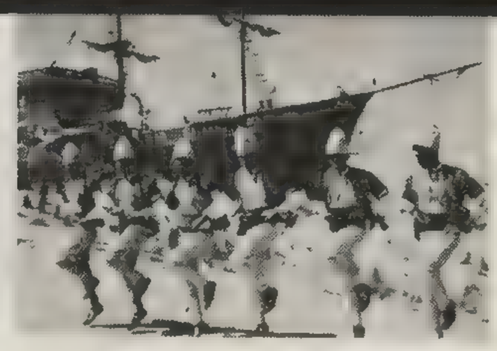
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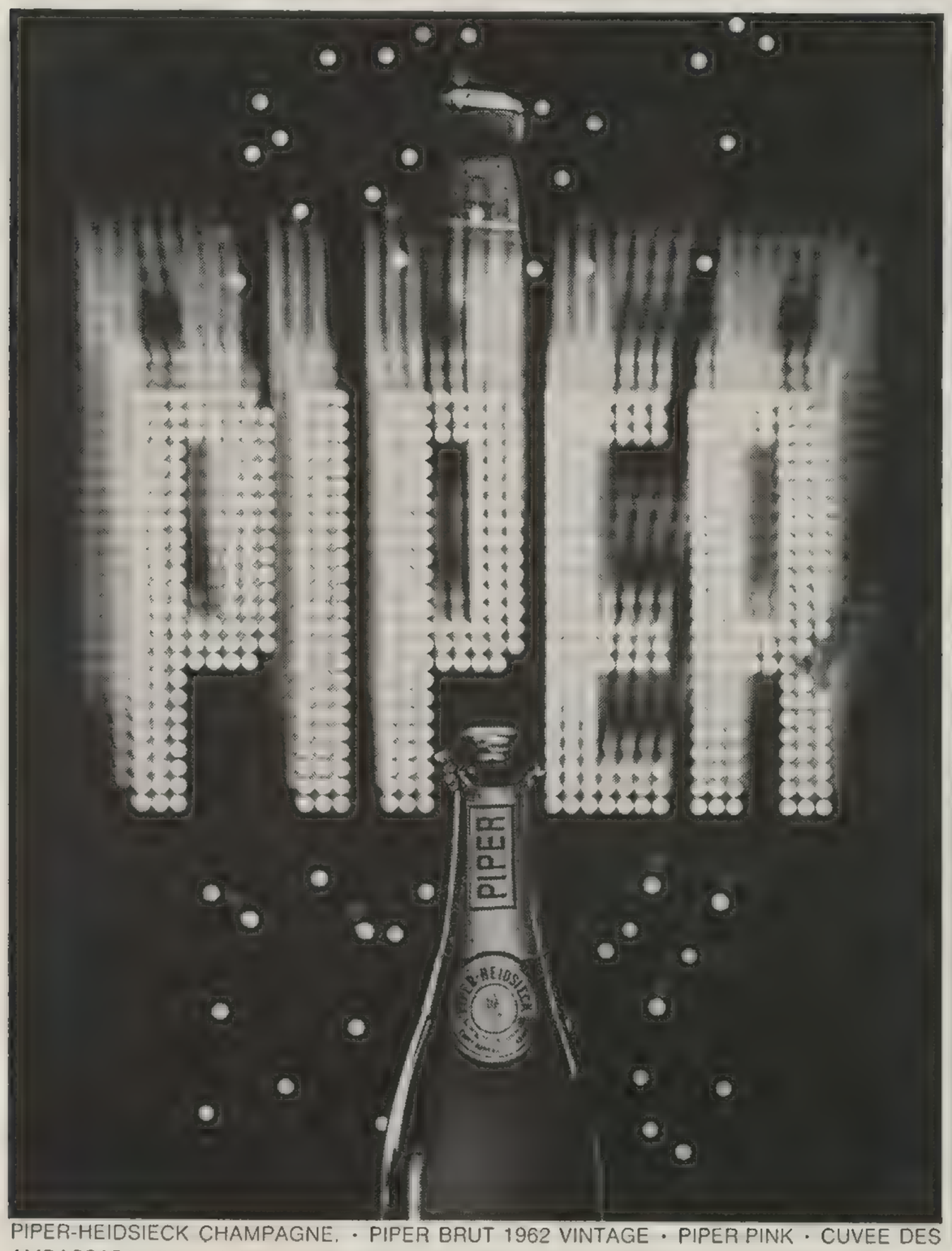
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VOGUE'S

A beguiling wedding party in Germany



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In the gold-stained sunlight of a long Baltic evening, family and friends celebrated the wedding of Countess Gabriela von Lehndorff and Baron Arnim von Plotho. After the cermony in the twelfth-century chapel of Krummesse, everyone gathered at the Von Plotho family place for champagne on green lawns by a swan pond. Flowered and candlelit, the supper tent was decorated with blowups of childhood photographs of the bride and groom, who were spoofed in an amusing play performed by their friends.

Romantic, scaled to sentiment, this wedding brought together the beautiful Lehndorff sisters: the bride, the Countesses Catharina and Vera (known as Veruschka), and Mme. Marie Eleonora von Haeften, who gave the wedding-eve party. Scaled to

NOTEBOOK



5



6

fun, that party, the *Polterabend*, had a tent full of Brobdingnagian furniture, with a rock group, The Shakespeares, playing on a gigantic sofa.



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1. Baron and Baroness Arnim von Plotho arriving by carriage at the groom's family house. 2. The bride and groom after their wedding. 3. Mme. Sophie von Mellenthin, *centre*, with two granddaughters: the bride, and Countess Vera von Lehndorff. 4. Countess Karin Dönhoff and Count Kraft Henkel-Donnermark. 5. Signor Franco Rubartelli, Countess Catharina von Lehndorff, Dirk and Constantin von Haeften. 6. Count and Countess Andreas Hardenberg. 7. Mme. Marie Eleonora von Haeften, Mr. Erhard Dehio. 8. Mr. Henry Newman; Baroness Ingrid von Plotho, mother of the groom. 9. The wedding supper.



9

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VOGUE'S SPOTLIGHT

Movies

BY ARTHUR SCHLESINGER, JR.

Faces, "*sounds of despair*"

One's main memory of *Faces* is the echo of laughter—nervous laughter, false laughter, compulsive laughter, hysterical laughter. It is the laughter of men and women who smoke too many cigarettes, drink too much coffee and alcohol, tell too many bad jokes, and hate their lives. It is Los Angeles laughter, businessmen's laughter, suburban laughter, middle-aged laughter.

Like *The Graduate*, *Faces* detests middle age and will doubtless win a grateful audience among the young. The only likable character is a benign hippie who serves as the mouthpiece for the deep thoughts of John Cassavetes, its writer and director. Italian and Czech films invest the old at least with pathos; the American film these days takes a savage delight in stripping the old of all trace of dignity.

Faces catches a marriage in a state of decay. The husband leaves his wife and visits a call girl; the wife goes to a discothèque with other wives, returns with the hippie, sleeps with him, and attempts suicide. The hippie saves her life. The husband comes back in the morning and surprises the hippie. Husband and wife end locked in reciprocal sterility.

"The mass of men," wrote Thoreau, "lead lives of quiet desperation." In California they lead lives of noisy desperation. Cassavetes's camera, fluid and inquisitive, records this desperation in harsh close-ups given a specious authenticity by the anonymous excellence of the cast and by the grainy quality of the film. His dialogue exploits the sounds of despair underneath banality; his pace is hectic and pitiless.

The Birthday Party, "*shriek of terror*"

With all its slashing virtues, *Faces* is not a fully realized dramatic piece. For Cassavetes, satire does the work of imagination; his philosophizing comes as an unconvincing interruption. A comparison with *The Birthday Party* makes the point. This is another exploration into the hysteria of the commonplace. Underneath the random patterns of inconsequential talk, one begins to detect the repressed shriek of terror. But it moves beyond caricature and didacticism into a realm of curious, dreamlike horror.

A distraught young man named Stanley lives with a middle-aged couple in a drab Brighton boarding house. Two strangers appear, a Jew and an Irishman. They claim a special relationship with Stanley—a claim which Stanley half acknowledges; they make veiled charges of betrayal. In the course of a birthday party in Stanley's honour, they complete his descent into madness. The next day they take him away.

Harold Pinter quite rightly resists all attempts to decipher his work. If one wishes, one can read *The Birthday Party* as the parable of a man going insane, his guilt and fear suddenly objectified in the avenging figures of Goldberg and McCann. But Harold Pinter is not writing allegory. His episodes live in their own terms. His sense of terror is always cryptically embodied in the seediness of daily existence. In the end, quiet desperation is perhaps profounder than noisy desperation.

A further note: Both John Cassavetes and William Friedkin had the brilliance to direct their films *without background music*. How good it is not to have dramatic points rubbed in by musical italics.

VOGUE'S SPOTLIGHT

Education

BY DONALD BARR

"*The real power on campus*"

Last May, two student leaders from Columbia were holding a rally at another college in support of their "strike" and expounding their plans to "restructure" their alma mater. The university was to become a happy "commune" of students and teachers busy with "relevant" studies and "participating" in all sorts of decisions. Someone asked: "Will there be administrators?" "An administration," one of the anarchs (aged twenty) said grandly, "of clerks." No one thought to point out that Columbia already had an administration of clerks (many were originally scholars, but the habits of academic research are like those of clerking, only slower), and had had it for some twenty-five years. And there was a deeper irony. The boy thought he was saying something revolutionary, but he was summarizing the whole present tendency of what he would have called "The Establishment."

College presidents and deans have less and less to say every year about what is to be taught and how. With the positive side of their responsibility dwindling, the negative side—the disciplining of students—stands out with offensive clarity. It becomes harder and harder to fill their posts, because everyone knows that, more and more, the real power on campus is in the departments. Fifty years ago, when presidents and deans controlled the line-item budgets of their institutions, they could control the departments. But as professors' salaries, departmental equipment funds, and stipends for favoured graduate students began to be paid increasingly out of foundation and government grants made directly to professors, a powerful centrifugal force was applied to the educational systems. It took effect first in the exact sciences, then in the social sciences. Now it has changed the pattern of all academic life.

The work of a college administrator is to induce teachers to teach and students to study. Teaching (as distinct from lecturing) is intensely pleasurable but fatiguing. Like an old man with a young wife, a senior professor begins to fuss about for excuses: doctors' orals to conduct, dissertations to direct, committees to sit on, his own research. The human tendency of a university faculty is towards research. As deans become academic civil servants, and professors hire each other and promote each other and elect each other chairman, their teaching loads diminish wonderfully. One eminent biologist recently left a university in the Northeast because its rules compelled him to teach *one hundred minutes a week;* and he went to a great state university out West where the taxpayers will support him without this irksome requirement.

Meanwhile, studying, which is a painstaking act of self-creation, commands less of the students' energies than it did when young men and women felt that importance was worth waiting for. With power politics, sexuality, and time-arresting drugs offering gratifications to the ego now, there are many whom neither the discipline of work (neglected) nor the discipline of discipline (traduced and defied) restrains.

That the faculty will succeed in inducing the students to study, or the students succeed in inducing the professors to teach, is not likely. Neither is it likely that universities will return to the principle of executive leadership. To survive, colleges may be forced to return to it—and may in consequence find themselves with the whole task of undergraduate education.

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VOGUE'S SPOTLIGHT

Movies

BY FREDERIC TUTEN

The Firemen's Ball, "*tableau of greed*"

I disliked Milos Forman's film *Loves of a Blonde* for its irritating fidelity to the surface behaviour of people who, however moving in their simplicity, have no discernible internal life. I would rather see all eight hours of Andy Warhol's film of the Empire State Building than again face Forman's long sequence of unattractive soldiers ogling unappealing girls in a dance hall.

I girded myself against what promised to be another schmaltzy saga of schmaltzy folks for the first ten minutes of Forman's latest film, *The Firemen's Ball*. There, in their sweetness, were the pristine people of a small Czech town—aging firemen organizing a ball in honour of their venerable former chief—ready to demonstrate their homey virtues in the air-sawing, face-pulling style of an amateur night at a rest home.

Fortunately, the promise of the opening was not kept. As the film progressed, its superficial cloy and highly funny surface gave way to a sardonic view of people; what first seemed overacting was presently revealed as an expression of the stolidity of the characters who neatly fell into the two types that Mark Twain said made up the human race: fools and damn fools.

Greed, ineptitude, and dishonesty are the qualities the firemen and townspeople reveal during the course of the ball: A table-load of food, wines, and prizes to be raffled off mysteriously dwindles away until everything but one or two tacky dolls is gone—stolen—before the raffle begins. The beauty contest organized by the lecherously eager firemen erupts into a ballroom mêlée. At the height of the chaos, the firemen are called off to extinguish a blaze at a neighbour's farmhouse. But, unable to get their fire truck through the snowdrift, these flaccid fogies, better at beer drinking than fire fighting, toss ineffectual shovelfuls of snow on the flaming house. The ballroom manager capitalizes on the situation by selling drinks toted up from the canteen to the chilled spectators who have evacuated the ballroom to view the fire in silent relish. The implications of this tableau of greed and insensitivity are extended when the spectators return to the ballroom with their houseless neighbour in order to raise money for him. Instead of cash, the people fill a plate with their now worthless raffle tickets, while one of the town officials mouths platitudes about human solidarity.

In spite of Forman's prefatory disclaimer that his film has no purpose other than to amuse, I saw some of it as political as well as social satire. The firemen are like defunct political bureaucrats who can no longer keep their house in order or from burning down. The firemen quarrel among themselves over the question of whether one of them, who has been seen by everyone attempting to return a stolen raffle cheese, has disgraced them before the people or in fact has enhanced their reputation for honesty. While they engage in this Machiavellian speculation—analogues to which may be imagined in Party circles after the Stalin revelations—everyone else has gone home, except for the old chief, still waiting for his award. The confrontation between the firemen-bureaucrats and the old chief in the empty ballroom may well be a political metaphor for our time.

Forman contrives his satire without an audience-alienating edge of bitterness or self-righteousness; and regardless of the point of view from which the film is seen, *The Firemen's Ball* is a universal story told humorously, wisely.

VOGUE'S SPOTLIGHT

THE Underground

BY JOHN GRUEN

Cerebrum, "*designed to soothe the spirit*"

Cerebrum, the ultimate in discothèque experiences, has recently opened in New York at 429 Broome Street. "It is a place to explore, where conventional entertainment structures (sit here . . . look that way . . . dance over there) have been rejected for an atmosphere that permits sensual and creative freedom on the part of the participants," stated its pre-opening news release.

Indeed, the sensual and creative freedom begins the moment you step inside a small foyer. At the door, a young man dressed in outer-space silver greets you with enormous gentleness and asks you to remove all your clothes. A large, numbered duffel-bag becomes your checking ticket as you undress and place your clothes inside. Shoes receive an extra plastic bag, while valuables must be entrusted to the gentle young man. Now, as you and your date stand in pristine nakedness, a lovely young girl helps you into a voluminous shimmery garment—a kind of silken flowing toga with hood that is cool and semi-transparent, delectable to the touch—and leads you through a dark, carpeted corridor into a large softly lit room. Continuous music varies from Indian contemplative to hard-rock soul; on the walls, multicoloured projections.

It is a white room. There are no tables and chairs. You sit communally on heavily carpeted "islands," each designed to accommodate up to six persons. Your guide seats you among a group of strangers who may be lying on their backs contemplating the wall projections, or various mirrored and plastic objects placed at the centre of the "island." No one talks. The idea is to "experience." In short time your guide returns with a goblet filled with *water*. This is your drink, and it must be shared with your date—only one glass a couple. With it comes a plate of marshmallows. Smoking, incidentally, is not permitted. Later still, the guide comes and sits with you. She has with her a tube of heavily scented hand lotion, and begins to anoint your hands with it. It is a form of communication designed to soothe the spirit. No words ever pass between you. Soon the guide leaves, but quickly returns with a can of rose-scented spray which she uses all around the island. You are now drenched in an olfactory experience which may, or may not, put you in a state of languid passivity and euphoria.

Filled with robed people, the room resembles an occult meeting place. Some of the participants get up and dance by themselves, moving along the spaces that separate each island. As they dance, the slowly changing lights cause their robes to become either more or less transparent. The effect is mesmerizing.

Cerebrum is the invention of an ex-talent agent who calls himself Ruffin and whose Ruffin Associates Absolutely Unlimited, Ltd., produces environmental entertainment; Cerebrum is his first large-scale project. "We are idealists and dreamers, full of childlike wonder and fantasy," said Ruffin. "We want to make lots and lots of people very happy, very excited, and very aware."

The place in what looks like an old and squalid factory building is open seven nights a week, with two sessions each evening: from eight to eleven and from eleven-thirty to two-thirty in the morning. Reservations must be made in advance (966-4031). The admission prices are by the hour (2-hour minimum) and are graduated: Sunday, $1; Monday, $2; Tuesday, $3; Wednesday, $4; Thursday, $5; Friday, $6; and Saturday, $7.



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VOGUE'S SPOTLIGHT

Theatre

BY ANTHONY WEST

The Misanthrope, "*faultlessly*"

The APA-Phoenix production of Richard Wilbur's English version of Molière's *The Misanthrope* has been bitterly attacked. It is none the less everything that it should be—and rather more. Stephen Porter, the director, has brought an acute sense of style and period to the task of putting one of the holy relics of the seventeenth-century French theatre on the contemporary American stage. He has neither embalmed it in reverence nor given us a stiffened corpse deprived of its essential qualities as the product of a particular time and place.

Stephen Porter's critics have especially criticized him for giving his production the slow tempo of a court dance. This seems especially unjust since Molière was writing for the declamatory court theatre in which the text was master and stage movement was a matter of graceful, minuet- or pavane-like reorganization of groupings. Stephen Porter has very brilliantly given his production just the sparkling formality and tranquil fluidity to give a modern audience the feeling of what Molière's contemporaries would have seen this *troupe du roi* doing at Versailles.

The scene and costume designers, James Tilton and Nancy Potts, have done just as well by the piece as the director. The use of blown-up photostats of architectural details from a French seventeenth-century copybook allows for the creation of an interior that has complete authenticity without any trace of antiquarian heaviness, and is a positive pleasure to look at. The costumes are richly imaginative inventions in the style of the 1660's and free from the least hint of pedantry, and above all wearable, so that the entire cast looks as natural as the day and not as if dressed up twenty minutes before curtain time to play Molière. This may seem to be a trifling matter to stress, but it is a real relief to see an Alceste and Oronte who are not obviously longing to be back in blue jeans and sweat shirts.

The cast is, without exception, as much at home in the high style of the classic French theatre as it is in its elegant clothes. The standard of the playing is so high and the company's teamwork is so good that it is invidious to single out particular actors for praise. There is, however, quite special merit in Keene Curtis's performance as Oronte and Christine Pickles's as Célimène. Both parts are exceedingly difficult to play, particularly that of Célimène, who is the embodiment of falsity and artificiality, and both are handled faultlessly.

King Lear, "*alive*"

It would be agreeable to give this same unreserved praise to *King Lear* at the Repertory Theatre at Lincoln Center, but Ming Cho Lee has chosen to put this masterpiece into a set suggesting a dilapidated poorhouse, and the costume designer has followed through by dressing Shakespeare's royals and nobles like so many paupers. But if the production is a bore to the eye, it is, thanks to Gerald Freedman's able direction and to the impressive performances by Lee J. Cobb and Philip Bosco as Lear and Kent, a very considerable success in almost every other respect. It is Shakespeare's play, it is alive, it is full of primitive magic, and it wraps one up until one sheds hot scalding tears just when the author intended one to: It is this unlucky company's best effort yet and rekindles all one's hopes for it and of it.

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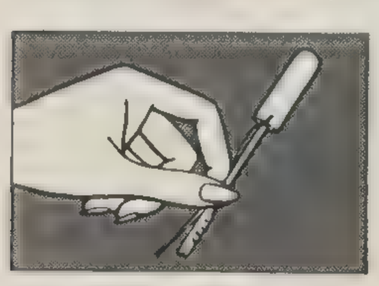
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VOGUE'S SPOTLIGHT

Books

BY ALBERT GOLDMAN

Vibrations, "*innocent, abandoned, yeasty, life is at first delight and beguilement*"

The Age of the Boy-Man, when exactly *did* it begin? Was it during the late fifties when Lenny Bernstein glowed on the tube? However it happened, the boy-man has come of age: The current pantheon of arts, sciences, and business is filled with heroes shaped in the same mould. Grinning, greying, burdened but buoyant, comradely with men, insouciant with women, complicated with moods, tempers, humours: The type is American and modern, a paradoxical blend of narcissism and generosity.

Now this boy-man is writing his life. He never waited for power, position, money, or responsibility—so why should he wait for life? Life, he fears, ends at forty; so now, before the end, he'll take a long look in the rear-view mirror and write.

The form of his self-portrait? A new genre, custom-tailored, cut very short, a *vita brevis*, or, better, a *half-life*, written with the verve and high spirits of a victorious player hot off the field. Yet this self-celebration is also an inadvertent confession of failure, of incompleteness, the story of a man stuck in the middle of the journey, going round and round the mulberry bush of adolescent fantasy. The pattern is remarkably clear in the latest and most engaging example of the type, David Amram's *Vibrations*, published by Macmillan.

Lover, pot-smoker, good digger, jazz blower, and stagestruck composer, Amram is the totally sentient, spontaneously creative, inexhaustibly ebullient being idealized by the existential bohemians of the fifties. Dedicated to sending and receiving good vibrations, he pours enthusiasm over everything he encounters, like molasses over a stack of wheat cakes. Whether it be a page of prose or a plate of borscht, he consumes it in great greedy gulps.

Even when David Amram feels himself chilling and stiffening with *rigor mortis* (the furnace has gone out in his country house), he drags himself out of bed for a final treat: a vision of moonlight on snow. On another occasion a friend reproaches him for his disturbingly slovenly appearance; it occurs to him that he has not looked at himself in a glass for several months.

The effect produced by this innocent, abandoned, and yeasty life is at first delight and beguilement; a real-life Augie March, Amram is a deliverance from all those tired, cynical, and self-conscious people who populate the world we know. But as the clattering teletype of his prose bangs out more and more accounts of round-the-clock jam sessions, cornucopian feasts, and sexually bountiful women seduced by an eager word, the reader starts to pinch himself. There is something unreal about Amram's adventures, an absence of moral resonance, of thought and sorrow, that makes his chronicle of headlong hedonism ring false.

Looming over Amram's history is the shadow of his hero, Charlie Parker. A genius of prodigious appetites and energies, Parker used excess as a desperate means of transcendence. Drugs, sex, and frenzy were the jets that boosted "Bird" out of sight. For Amram pot, sex, and frenzy are merely the giddy loops of a roller coaster whirling him in and out of oblivion.



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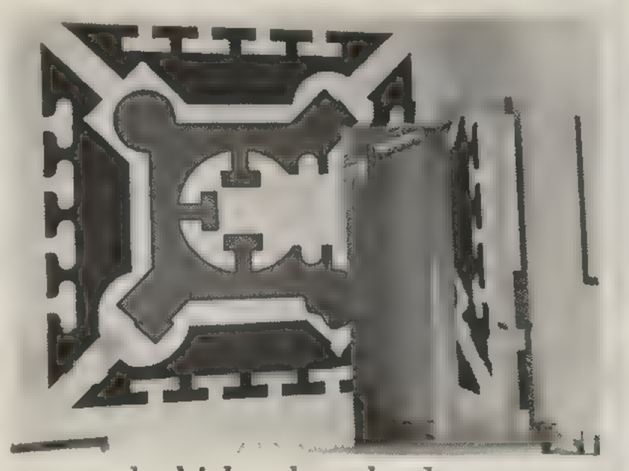
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VOGUE'S DECORATING FINDS AND IDEAS FOR FASHIONS IN LIVING

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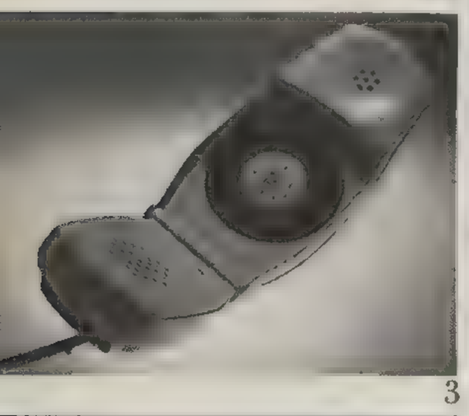
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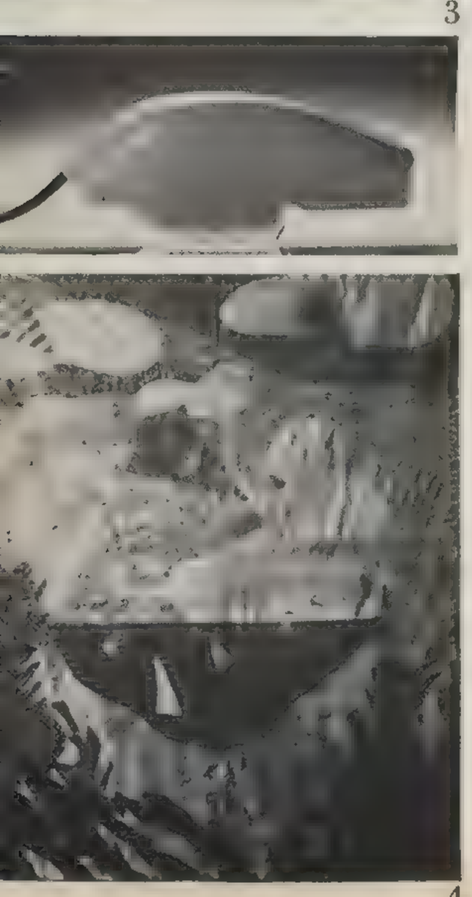


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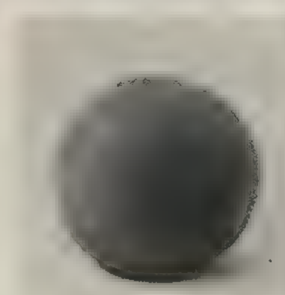
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4. *Fabric paintings* . . . are modern art news. A cotton collage, "Kites," by Dutch artist Ellen Massée, 38″ x 28″, $100. At Lucie Van Erp, 185 Fernwood Ave., Upper Montclair, N. J. 07040. ***5.*** *Super Ball:* Orb is a 36″ polyurethane ball to sit on. Mrs. William Rayner, of Mac II interiors, loves it. Self reinflating. By Design Media, $200. Black or colours. At the Women's Haberdasher's Shops, Madison Ave. ***6.*** *Dark walls-white furniture* . . . chic-est look. Here, Giacometti white plaster floor lamp, $400. Jean Michel Frank lacquer table-bench, $675. East Indian stool, white linen pad, $1,500 pr. All, Chodoff, 117 E. 57th St., N. Y. 10021. ***7.*** *Super scaled* . . . brilliant colours on dark-ground wallpapers by London's Osborne & Little. Rabat, $18 a roll; Fitzherbert, $13.50 a roll. A first, at Clarence House, 40 E. 57th St., N. Y. 10021. Scrubbed, pale contrast: the new, young white pine dining table $175, and squared-off chair, $40. By Norway's Trybo. Lord & Taylor, Fifth Ave., N. Y. 10021. ***8.*** *It's super dog!* A Cavalier King Charles Spaniel. Royal Blenheim puppy in chestnut, white. Sartorious Kennels, Patterson, N. Y. Att.: Mr. Anderson. Puppies, $350 up. The taupe suède Brighton Pavilion house, $900. James de Vries, 360 E. 65th St., N. Y.

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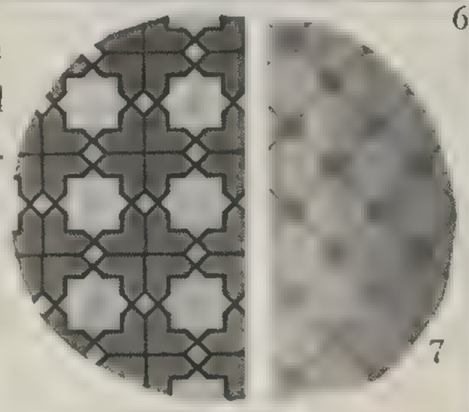


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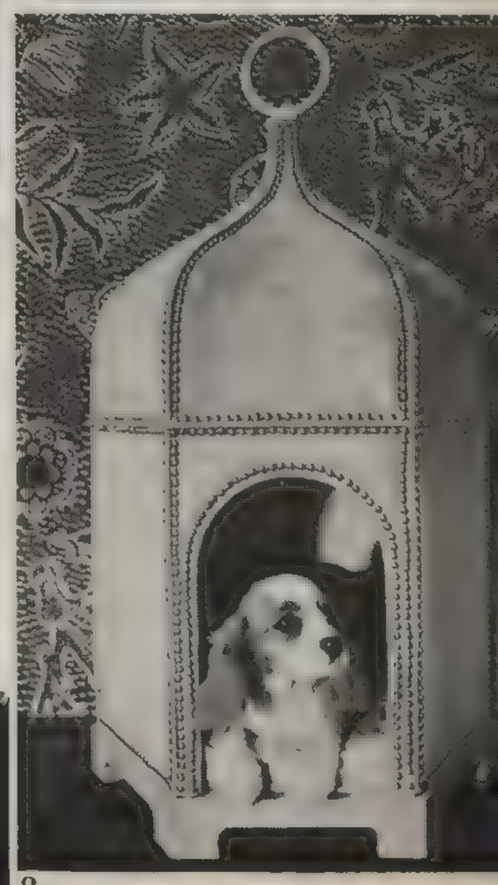




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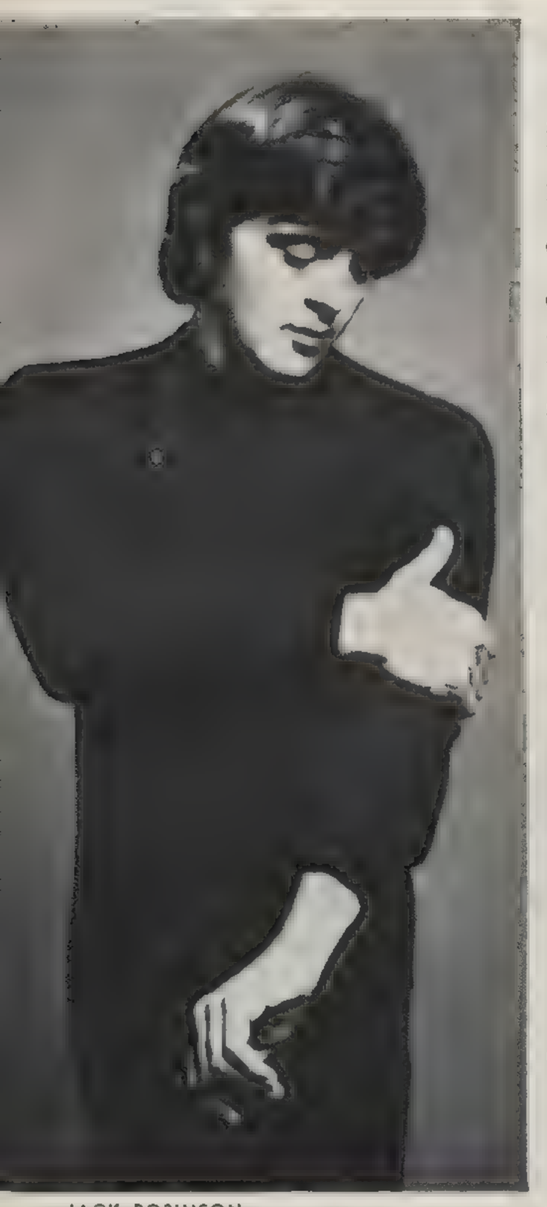
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MEN IN VOGUE

...NOTES, QUOTES, AND VOTES



JACK ROBINSON

New Straws around

in the wind . . . under the sun . . . at home, for 1969. ***Tartan,*** right, part of the new passion for things Scottish. This takes in re-coloured Fair Isle sweaters, patent ghillies, and suits like this one designed and worn by ***Rupert Lycett Green.*** A meld of rich blues, greens with yellow and red, it's worn with a bright leaf-green scarf, pale-green shirt; everything from the brand-new New York branch of Blades at 905 Madison Ave. Suit, $300. ***Total Eclipse in the sun.*** The new way at resorts: black from head to foot (nothing better with a great tan, by the way). ***David Hemmings,*** left, points the way. Star of *The Charge of the Light Brigade* and next *Alfred the Great* wears coal-black cashmere, cut like a Cossack shirt: full sleeves, side-button collar. By Turnbull & Asser, $45, Bonwit Teller, New York, with ribbed black corduroy jeans. ***More black*** puts the news into ***George Hamilton's*** white batiste shirt, below. See-through shirts, already big news, get better this resort season if they're embroidered. George's, by Carlo Palazzi, custom made, about $30 at 7 via Borgognona, Roma. Look for embroidery to crop up on the men in Palm Beach now, everywhere this summer. ***Soft and natural:*** the new idea for baggage. Right, overnight bag, square brass buckle, waterproof untanned butterscotch-coloured leather; about $160. Carryall, about $125. By Estancia. Altman's; Bullock's-Wilshire.





The new desk, above, looks like a chair but has lamp, telephone, reading stand, ashtray, writing pad built-in; by Cini Boeri for Moreddi, 1326 Obispo, Long Beach, California. Chair, $2,200; ottoman, $400. ***The New Jaguar,*** news in itself since we've waited so long for the XJ sedan. News: Air conditioning, electric windows, power steering as standard equipment. $6,500 at East Coast port of entry.

CATALANO



BERRY BERENSON



HOGENBOOM


COLE MAKES IT. THE LOVE SUIT.
Just for the sheer romance of it. "Unforgettable" a nude nylon tank to swim with or without the cover of pleated polyester.
Cole of California — Another fine Kayser-Roth product: 2615 Fruitland Ave., Los Angeles, California 90058

VOGUE's EYE VIEW

FORECAST 1969

Simplicity...dash...inventiveness is the look of today.

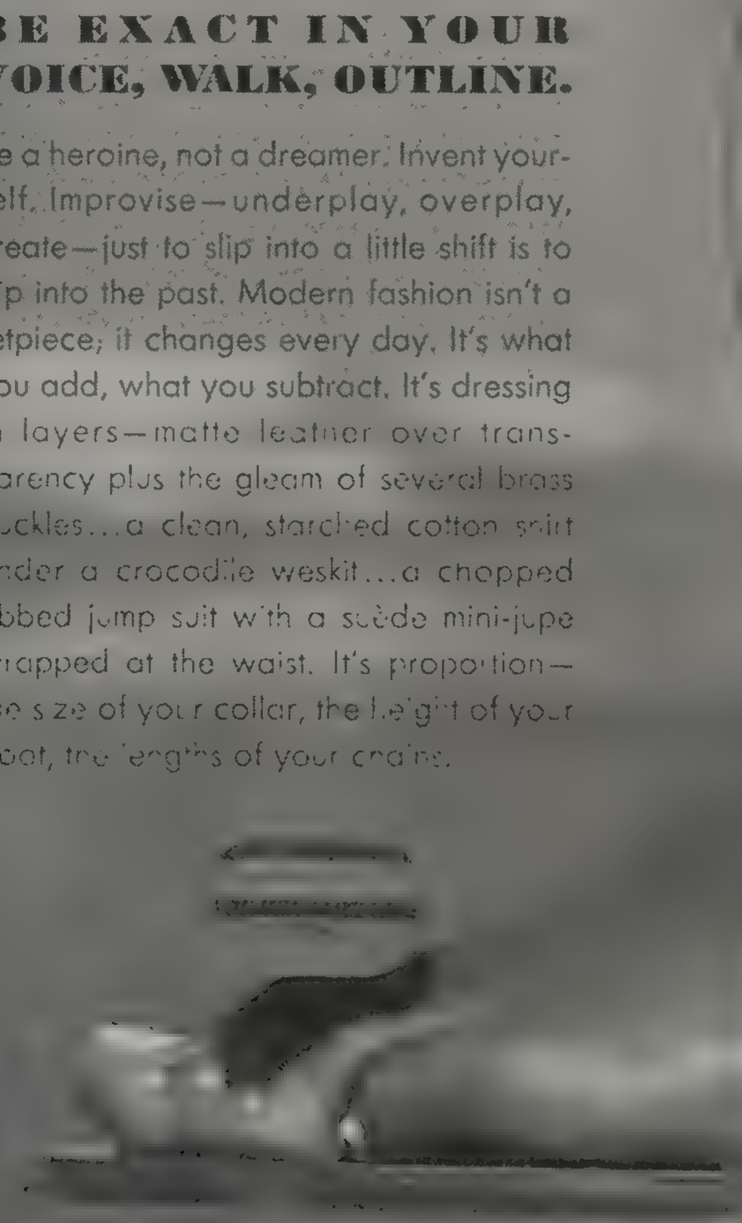
Coiffures are remarkable in their simplicity and ingenuity....The George shines on, wrapped and strapped with silken rope, ribbon, coils of hair, tight tiny plaits, leather thongs. Loose face-framing hair with straight or curly guiches, is held beautifully to the head by brow bands of dull gold, leathers, narrow pieces of embroidery.

The long line—long as in tunics, weskits, pullovers, boots, tights. Long as in the line of your body—pull your neck out of your shoulders, lift your diaphragm out of your waist, stretch your legs. Extend yourself.

Be as sleek as a dancer under your clothes—the most vital thing in fashion today is how you're dressed underneath. Lingerie is absolutely minimal—the body lightly held and veiled, nothing more—and everything else slides on like stream water washing over smooth stone.

BE EXACT IN YOUR VOICE, WALK, OUTLINE.

Be a heroine, not a dreamer. Invent yourself. Improvise—underplay, overplay, create—just to slip into a little shift is to slip into the past. Modern fashion isn't a setpiece; it changes every day. It's what you add, what you subtract. It's dressing in layers—matte leather over transparency plus the gleam of several brass buckles...a clean, starched cotton shirt under a crocodile weskit...a chopped ribbed jump suit with a suède mini-jupe wrapped at the waist. It's proportion—the size of your collar, the height of your boot, the lengths of your crains.



LEOMBRUNO BODI

the see-through world

Sheer as a fishbowl is what it's getting to be, the world we live in. Just look around—or, rather, through—transparency is everywhere. Is everything. Is a glassy tower-of-strength office building. Is a blow-up plastic easy chair. Is a crystal-winged car. Is a piece of Moroccan veiling that you throw over your head when you're dining out in some breezy Bahamian paradise. Is a chiffon shirtsleeve. Is a top like a nylon stocking....Is, left, one of the newest things you can see a foot through: a flat, clear Lucite sandal with a green rectangular bar over the thong—just to let you know it's there.

Left: Carol Pirro
sandal; about $20.
At Henri Bendel.

FORECAST 1969

Think of how pretty a large felt fedora would look over long loose hair—sash a 40-inch scarf around the crown—wear a brown knit polo shirt with it and a creamy little mini-jupe.

Long scarfs, big squares, cape shawls—use them for all they're worth. Tie a foulard as a brow band, the ends falling to the waist in back. Roll a square of vivid blue twill as a cravat to make a thick Windsor knot at the collar of a steel-grey shirtdress. Wrap the waist of a black jersey tunic with two 7-foot scarfs—bright pink, scarlet with fringe—ends wide and swinging on the leg. Fold a giant square of India-print silk into a triangle, tie it around straight tweed pants or a mini-jupe—the points covering one hip. Tie a 4-foot square of clean white silk outside a coat, with the ends spilling fully. Cape shawls are your greatest friends—in bright violet over black pailletted pants, in cinnamon brown over a pure white djellaba.

You can do wonderful things with rope—silken rope or hemp or made of hair. Jewelled rope, rope with tassels and knots at the end. You can tie a piece of rope at the back of the head or rope off the end of a pigtail. Can loop a long silk rope around your throat and let the ends hang straight down the front of a dress.

Do right by the shoulder bag. Hold it correctly, back on the left rib cage, left thumb hooked in the chain or strap—which should be fairly short; it's that little bit of tension in the grip that gives it its dash.

The shirtdress is the dress of the year—the all—the everything dress for everybody. Long or short sleeves. In everything from sari silk to knit.

The shirt. The shirt. The shirt—the way ahead look for 1969. Shirt-coat. Shirt-jacket. Shirt-sweater. The shirt-tunic low-belted over pants. The shirt-top jump suit, short or long. The cleanliness of a crisp white cotton shirt under a brown suède jumper. Newest of all: the Regency shirt with the collar opened and mounted on a high neckband.

More bulk at the foot—a more pronounced toe, a straight 2-inch heel. A chunky cork clog held on with rope. Big metal hardware on day shoes. Huge pompons or giant paste buckles on black moire pumps—delicious for evening.

Black at the beach—a black Shetland pullover with a tiny white bikini. Black satin jeans with a big, white, rolling sombrero.... The jeans silhouette—snug to the derrière, narrow on the thigh —will be big, big, big.

Short shorts for town—black jersey, straight-legged as a schoolboy's. Belted on the hip. Black cotton shirt and a cowboy scarf at the neck. Shiny black leather weskit. Black tights. Black boots.

The jump is everything—is a grey cashmere jumper-dress over a blue cotton shirt, bottle-green suède over a ribbed white turtleneck...a chopped jump suit plus jacket that you wear as a suit ...a long pervenche-blue jump suit for evening, the waist wrapped and wrapped with jewels.

Boudoir colours have faded away. The voyants—magenta, scarlet, the good strong blues—remain. Ditto the off-brights—steel grey, brown. Slap a dash of white on brown wool—a wide white patent belt on a brown knit shirtdress—and you've a lot going for you.

BIG POCKETS ON EVERYTHING—OFTEN LOW ON THE SKIRT.

More width to the skirt in tailored clothes. A fitted grey topcoat with a really wide wide skirt, Napoleonic collar, white-belted waist—with white legs or dark, that's as close to perfection as a coat can be.

Black—matte, shiny, transparent, opaque—is divine. But not for the no-makeup-no-colour-hair girl. Whom it's marvellous for are blondes, true brunettes...the woman who gives a lot of herself to fashion. It takes great strength of looks to wear black; dowdy you can not be—dowdiness is a lack of vitality.

Strength of looks is in. More makeup is in. Generousness of expression is in, therefore—the darker-outlined mouth filled in with brighter lipstick or gloss.

The caste mark is the new coquetry—centred just above the eyebrows, India-style. Scarlet pencil at first. Later we'll see the single glittery bead, the Bedouin colours—violet, blue, green, brown—mixed to a design.

Remember the serpent, jewel of jewels. Remember rings. Remember the punch of contrast—squared, very modern rings with a Regency shirt; paste antiques with the most contemporary clothes.

There's enormous seductiveness around for evening—plenty of pizazz between the swing of a curly guiche and small rouged ears and the glimpse of an ankle....Covered-up arms extending from a billowing shirtdress. Cutaway embroidered boleros over covering transparency. Cutaway plunges on short evening dresses with full skirts. Bared midriffs with golden rope sashed around the waist. Tiny waists, wrapped and held. And all kinds of flirtations about the ankles—high-slit hems. Flamenco flounces flouncing up and down. Little-heeled ballet slippers with satin laces tied around the ankle. With ballooning pants or very full short skirts: bare feet and roped ankles with bunches of jewelled and knotted tassels. Ropes at the knee—scrumptious with narrow little britches.

THE YEAR OF THE ANATOMY

It's today's glory, the anatomy. One of its glories is that if you work for it, it works for you. A delicious give-and-take arrangement in which the giving's easy. And the taking's divine. For the investment you put into your anatomy in a knowledgeably balanced ritual of exercise, food, rest—that investment pays off not only for the body, the figure. Not only in strength and stamina. Not only in physical well-being. But it pours into the face, the skin, the hair. Into the very spirit that guides you. It helps you live—*all* your life. A body carefully honed to respond instinctively to the rigours of today means a mind freed for other fascinations. Means a psyche charged with confidence. The wonderful sort of madness of knowing that you are capable lifts your particular genius off the ground, gives it the wings to soar....Brilliant example at right: Leigh Taylor-Young, of *I Love You, Alice B. Toklas.* Madonna-faced meld of innocence and sensuality. stunningly-sculptured light, line, and shadow....She invests—in life. See how, next page.

LEIGH TAYLOR-YOUNG ➡

AVEDON



WHAT'S HAPPENING? LEIGH TAYLOR-YOUNG

How did she happen? *I Love You, Alice B. Toklas* was her first movie. Her second, *The Big Bounce*, is due to come forth soon. Ballet dancer turned actress. Sensual, fluid, feline. Great hazel eyes. Sleek head with long red-glinted hair, knotted here in back. Loving wife of Ryan O'Neal, devoted mother of Young (*very* young) Patrick O'Neal....How does she happen to look like this? She runs, she walks, she dances. Incessantly. She has that lovely quality called discipline. At The Sanctuary, a dazzling new trees-and-flowers Los Angeles health club, she happens to take in a daily hour of exercise. Then jogs a mile (currently she happens to do it in 6½ minutes). Has regular massage and facial.... She's never been caught muttering "I don't have time to do it today," according to her admiring Sanctuary directrice, Anne-Marie Bennstrom....Leigh Taylor-Young makes time happen. And she just happens to be making it....

Above: Silvery jump suit—legs rolled up here. Stretch nylon, knitted with Lurex (I. G. Textile fabric). John Kloss for Cira. About $25, Henri Bendel; Neiman-Marcus; Joseph Magnin. Right: Blue rayon-cotton knit bikini (Fair-Tex fabric). Michael Mott for Paraphernalia. Top, about $15, bottom, about $7. Junior sizes.

AVEDON





NISBERG

Jean-Claude Killy, the hero surrounded by heroines, above—M. Superski, now finding fame beyond slopes. New ventures this year: a TV series and a special on Killy and his world, a line of Killy ski equipment and fashions, Killy columns in magazines, newspapers...and a Killy how-to-ski book follows any year. Roped and ruffled rhumba, right, in black organza with paintbox geometrics. Bare at the middle with a diamanté rope sash, a covering top, long slit skirt flouncing with ruffles. By Oscar de La Renta.

PENATI

FORECAST 1969

killy-dilly year... the rhumba dress and rope– new way to wrap the waist... an electric bubble-buggy... moire evening shoe, giant buckles

La Bulle, upper left—a new French get-there device (they don't call it a car) built to run by electric battery; it takes little road-space, costs *un joli sou*. Not yet in production, this working model sports Piper-plane tires, is designed by Roger Tallon for "the youngs." New night foot, left—in mules of black moire with enormous glittery buckles, tongues to ankle. Zigzagging stripes go clear to the waist.

Opposite: Rhumba dress of Gourdon silk organza; at Bonwit Teller; El Palacio de Hierro. K.J.L. belt, at Bonwit Teller. Rings by House of Joy, de Cremieux of Albert Weiss. Belle-Sharmeer pantie stockings, at Lord & Taylor. Charles Jourdan shoes. Left: Mules by David Evins, made to order at I. Miller; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. Berkshire tights.

Right: Raincoat of
Bini fabric.
Far right: Top of Stevetex
tricot georgette by Stevens
of Monsanto Blue C nylon.
About $40. Bloomingdale's.
Chains: Jack Gilbert,
K. J. L. Rings: K. J. L., Robert
Originals, de Cremieux of Albert
Weiss. Coiffure: Richard of
Norbert; Leon Buchheit
hairpieces.

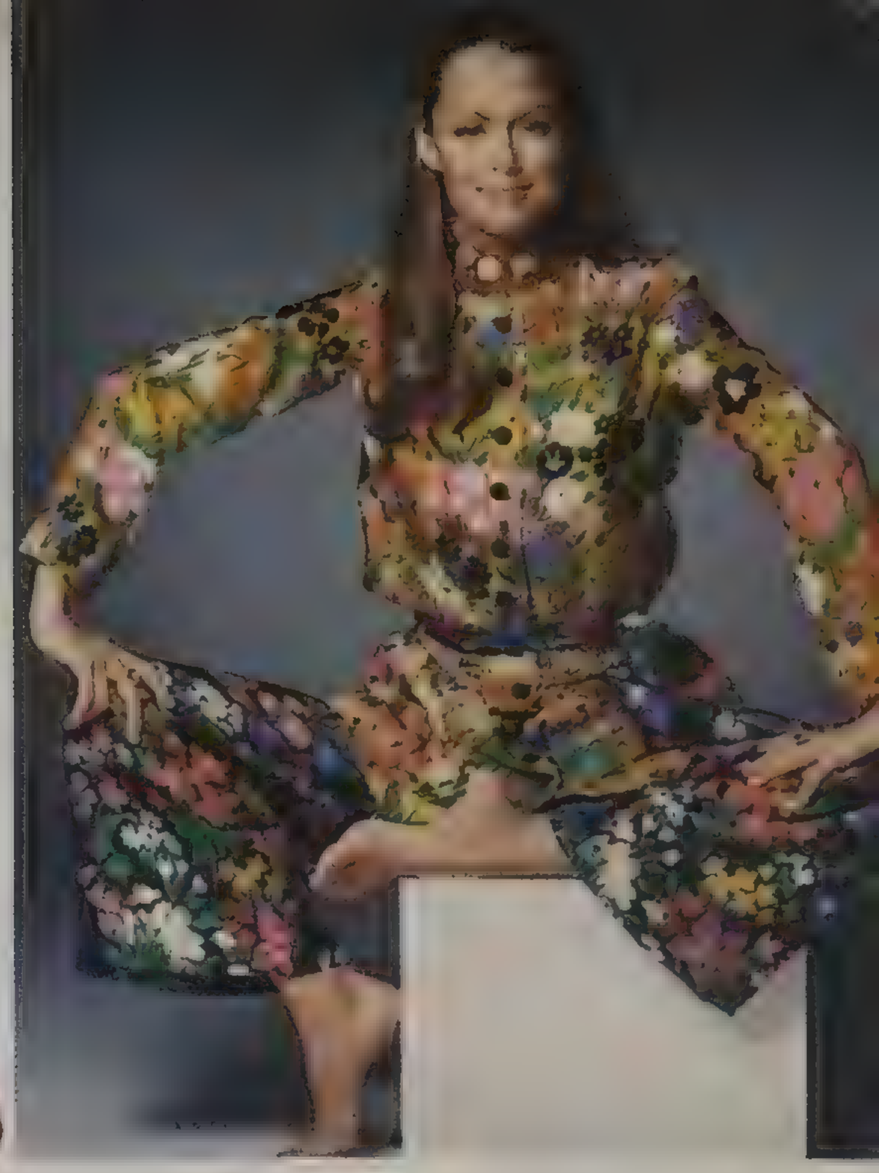
FORECAST 1969

scarf-silk raincoat... outlined mouth...see-through car ...see-through top

MONDADORI PRESS
FROM PICTORIAL

The raincoat the world's looking for, because it's light as a silken kite for flying around between raindrops, or flying around the beach over a bikini and legs long on thongs. Hooded and wonderfully good-looking in black-circled white silk slicked and waterproofed with the thinnest wash of clear plastic. Raincoat and sandals by Mila Schön. The case for the outlined mouth, top of page: news again for 1969, focusing on the mouth as an expression of generosity—outline filled in with bright lipstick or shiny gloss. The see-through car, winging out in new directions, above: arriba the Carabo, a great shimmering-green machine whose doors open up like giant scarab wings, windows gleam like sheer gold. Nuccio Bertone's design for Alfa Romeo. The see-through top, seventh-veil allure, right: spare, sleeveless black georgette, denier as sheer as sheer black stockings, the waist looped with sparkle over wide black jersey pants. The top by Sarff-Zumpano.

Bare gold bullion, scarlet flounces, below: Shimmery little bodice openly crocheted, openly plunged—the neckline meets at the waist of a flounced organza skirt. By Oscar de La Renta. Lacquer-flower tunic belted over pants, right: Riotous tossings of Mandarin colour—once on yellow silk, once on side-slashed black. By Deanna Littell. The beautiful covered dress, far right: Vermilion organdie swirling with diamanté white garlands—the giant full-blown flowers printed across a throatbanded, long-sleeved dress. By George Halley.



Left: Dress, in Lurex and Pavell silk. Saks Fifth Avenue; Swanson's; Sakowitz; El Palacio de Hierro. Charles Elkaim comb. Mimi di N earrings. Rings by Napier, Jules Van Rouge, Marvella. Herbert Levine pumps (just add pompons and go). Above: Turnout, in Liberty of London silk. Henri Bendel; Nan Duskin. Richard Palan necklace. Belts: Cadoro, Hattie Carnegie. Lord & Taylor. House of Joy rings. Coiffures, this page, by Richard of Norbert. Right: Dress, in Brossin de Méré at Verron cotton. Bonwit Teller; Nan Duskin. K. J. L. rings. Coiffure: Violetta of Norbert. Hairpieces, these eight pages: Leon Buchheit.

FORECAST 1969

the long evenings–
bare... covered...
tunic and pants





FORECAST 1969

evenings– cutaway weskits, fur tunic and pants

Trapunto-flower weskit baring the bosom, far left: a paradise of silk colour tendrilled on lacquer red—bright as the sash wrapping up the short flowered *marron* dirndl. By Deanna Littell. Gallooned white-flower weskit baring the bosom, left, just a veil of hoarfrost-flower tracery in between—the white organza bodice cuts away above a long dirndl skirt. By Oscar de La Renta. Sealskin tunic and wide-legged pants, right, a night depth of fur rich and marvellous as the great Khan's—out to conquer at dinner with vivid Portuguese embroidered sleeves. By Maximilian.



Far left: Weskit and dirndl (blouse not shown), in Liberty of London silk. Henri Bendel; Nan Duskin. Accessocraft earrings. Richard Palan necklace. Bewitching tights: Lord & Taylor.
Left: Dress, of Schiffli-embroidered silk; pailletted weskit with Lurex (Whelan fabrics). Bonwit Teller; Nan Duskin; El Palacio de Hierro. Earrings by Richard Palan.
Right: Turnout, to order in Fouke-dyed black Lakoda Alaska fur seal. Pendants: Cadoro, Hattie Carnegie. Lord & Taylor. Bracelets: K.J.L., Trifari. Altman's. Delman boots, of Corfam. Bergdorf Goodman. Coiffures: Richard of Norbert.



FORECAST 1969

super little shirtdresses, voyant jersey prints

Printed red jersey shirtdress, opposite left, running on flower power—tabbed and belted, short and easy. This, and all the little Ban-Lon dresses and prints here, by Ken Scott, of nylon. Big blue poppies, opposite right: deep on décolletage and laced to a waist that's belted. Sun-coloured flowers, near left: little sleeved shirtdress, slashed, then buttoned in gilt. The voyant lipstick, Cover Girl's Pearly Pink. Mini-sleeved shirtdress, above, violets rampant. Tiger lily, below—the shirtdress sauvage—deeply V'd and buttoned right down to the belt. A stalk of green leopard, right: wild sleeveless shirtdress, short over long sunny legs.

Opposite left: about $70, Lord & Taylor. Opposite right: about $95, De Pinna; I. Magnin. This page, left: about $80, Saks Fifth Avenue. Top: about $75, Bergdorf Goodman; I. Magnin. Near left: about $85, Lord & Taylor; I. Magnin. Right: about $70, Lord & Taylor; I. Magnin. All belts, added, by Elegant: Bloomingdale's; I. Magnin. Gladiator sandals by Aliata at the Helene Arpels Boutique. Coiffures: Richard of Norbert.

FORECAST 1969

tunic, britches... suède and mink... flaming flounces

Lamé Indian tunic, above, outlining the body perfectly in mauve and golden arabesques—it's worn over lamé britches, with the romantic air of a young Rajput prince. Turnout and Indian necklace by Chanel. Coiffure by Guillaume, Paris. Golden suède and white mink, left, in unexpected new rôles—mink collar and sleeves give fresh-as-knit nonchalance to a mink-lined suède coat. By Maximilian. Organza flamenco flounces, right, ruffling out for transparent tier upon tier—dinner pants in a flirtatious Andalusian vein beneath a tunic as covered up as can be. Turnout by Oscar de La Renta.

Above: Turnout, woven with Lurex. Left: Coat to order in suède and "Jasmine," Emba white mink. Lanolav gloves: Lord & Taylor. Mayer & Fisher veil. Right: Turnout, in Gourdon silk. Sara Fredericks; Sakowitz; I. Magnin; El Palacio de Hierro. Charles Elkaim earrings. Trifari rings. Coiffure: Richard of Norbert.

PENATI





Left: Turnout at Lord & Taylor; Dayton's; Neiman-Marcus. Watch by Obrey: Bloomingdale's. Coiffure: Violetta of Norbert. Leon Buchheit hairpieces. Right: Tights at Martha. Far right: Coat of Agnona wool. Bergdorf Goodman; Gidding-Jenny; Montaldo's; Neiman-Marcus. Oval watch by Old England: Bloomingdale's. Coiffure: Richard of Norbert.

PENATI

FORECAST 1969

new coat shapes... the kid-glove leg



The wide coat, far left, swinging out in beige wool from small shoulders...belted sleeves, enormous low pockets...tailored with real amplitude to wear over anything. Here, its own necktied white silk shirt and matching beige skirt. By Geoffrey Beene. Leather-look tights, near left, sleek and shining in gunmetal fake kidskin that fits like a glove, waist to instep—pull on your boots and walk right out in nether-degree weather. Tights by Mila Schön. The cape-collar coat, right: blue-and-taupe plaid wool coat with a narrow high waist, wide hem—great shape for a flippy cape collar that comes and goes. Detachable-cape coat by Jay-Henry.

FORECAST 1969

coat of the year– small waist, widest hem... new heroine– the girl photographer

Here's how the coat shapes up for spring, left: small on top, belted, and flaring away to a really wide hem—navy gabardine with huge, curved flap-pockets and leather belt on the high side. Coat by Zelinka-Matlick. See how the ginger springs, near right—way, way out from a high curved seam... the top is close, the sleeves narrow, and the ginger reverses to brown-and-white plaid. The wide-hemmed coat by Venet, in double-faced wool. The stockings, also by Venet. Curved collar, curved pockets, far right: the snug-topped, belted, wide-hemmed coat in white gabardine gilded about the buckle and buttons, swinging out over thigh-high white buckled boots. Coat by Jay-Henry. Sara Moon, girl photographer, far right corner: pretty, French, one of the adventurous new breed of heroines clicking her way around the world in dashing rapid-fire style.

Far left: Coat of Stevens Forstmann wool gabardine loomed in America. About $160. Bonwit Teller; Julius Garfinckel; L. S. Ayres; Montaldo's Adolfo hat: Saks Fifth Avenue. Doro scarf. Bonnie Doon knee socks. Moccasins by Golo. Coiffure: Richard of Norbert. Right: Coat of Anglo wool loomed in America. Saks Fifth Avenue; Gidding-Jenny; Swanson's; Neiman-Marcus. Ruza Creations wristband. Kickerino boots.

PENATI



FORECAST 1969

chocolate-bar brown dark, bright sharpened with white

On the springboards now, the clean sharp look of dark brown wools, firm-woven, tailorable, with a lot of white around—throats, waists, legs. For all these bright ideas, Bravoriginala. Cardigan suit, far left, jacket wrapped, white-belted, cuffed with white buttons. Skirt wide and flaring, a white silk crêpe blouse with high-stocked neck. Pantspartout, left, in brown with a snappy long jacket, little collar, low pockets, wide straight pants. With a white belt, white buttons, and a white silk crêpe turtleneck blouse. Real width at the hem, right, for a brown twill coat with small top, a belt in back. White leather buttons, a white silk turtleneck, and more white for the hat and the legs.



All three costumes by Originala.
Far left: Suit of Anglo wool, loomed in America. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Gidding-Jenny; L. S. Ayres; Neiman-Marcus. Bonnie Doon knee socks: Altman's. El Greco shoes: Lord & Taylor. Latinas shoulder-bag: Saks Fifth Avenue. Rings by Pakula, Trifari, Sandor Goldberger, Napier.
Left: Pants suit of Anglo wool, loomed in America. Bonwit Teller; Nan Duskin; Julius Garfinckel; I. Magnin. Adolfo hat: Saks Fifth Avenue. El Greco shoes: Lord & Taylor.
Right: Coat of wool twill, loomed in America. Lord & Taylor; Hutzler's; Rich's; I. Magnin. Adolfo hat: Saks Fifth Avenue. Burmel scarf. Rings by Bruce Rudow, Sant' Angelo, Cadoro, K. J. L. Capezio boots. Coiffures by Richard of Norbert.

Above: Dress, with matching pants, not shown, in Moygashel linen. About $250. Saks Fifth Avenue. Latinas sandals. Right: Woolmark dress, in Meyer Woolens jersey. About $200. Bloomingdale's; Rich's; Burdine's; Joseph Magnin. Calderon belt. Geneviève Clément earrings. Latinas sandals. Centre: Wool dress knitted in America. About $90. Bergdorf Goodman; Hutzler's; Marshall Field; I. Magnin. Schiaparelli watch, at Bonwit Teller. Lederer bag. Capezio boots.

PENATI

FORECAST 1969

the direct white belt... the squared ring



Above: Dress in Celanese acetate and rayon (Chardon-Marché fabric), about $65. Bonwit Teller; Famous-Barr; Sakowitz; J. W. Robinson. Belt by Calderon. Dynasty watch. Adler knee socks. Capezio shoes. Coiffures by Richard of Norbert. Hairpieces by Leon Buchheit.

Bare-haltered navy linen, far left above, adorably short and to the points—a yard-long sash of white leather, lots of gleaming skin. By Jacques Tiffeau for Tiffeau & Busch. Bare-haltered scarlet knit, far left, big on this year's big patch pockets, direct on this year's direct white belt. Dress by Jacques Tiffeau for Tiffeau & Busch, in wool jersey. Bi-colour wool jersey coatdress, centre left, playing white against mocha knit—white collar, white coat-panel, and a white tab belt going straight across. By Kimberly. Black crêpe shirtdress, left, curving from shoulder yoke seams, flaring from stitched pleats that skirt all around. Stan Herman for Mr. Mort. A handful of squared gold rings, right, taking sides on every finger and putting hands squarely in the 1969 news. All at Boutique Cartier.

WALDECK

FORECAST 1969

the year of the shirtdress...
of big pockets...perfectly cut
pants...happy-go-lucky knits

WALDECK

Knit with a knack, far left, for making everybody happy—any season, anywhere in the world. Bright mango wool...belted waist, belted hair. Amba for Junior Sophisticates.

Big flapped pockets, above left: big news on Patou's scarfed grey flannel dress ...long sleeves held at the wrist; waist defined by a wide, stitched band.

The right cut of pants, left: low on the waist, widening to the hem covering the tops of 2-inch heels. Brown cotton denim, X-ed out in natural leather on the hips. Lynn Stuart for Mr. Pants.

The biggest patch pockets, right, on the biggest dress-look of the year—the shirt-dress in grey worsted here, spiffed up with shiny buttons and a flick of red-and-white checks tied under the collar. Philippe Tournaye for Mort Schrader.

Far left: Dress of Duplex International fabric. About $60. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Hutzler's; Gidding-Jenny; Woolf Brothers. Ruza Creations headband. Old England watch. Bonnie Doon socks. Capezio shoes. Richard of Norbert coiffure. Leon Buchheit hairpieces.

Above left: Grey flannel dress. At Joseph Horne.

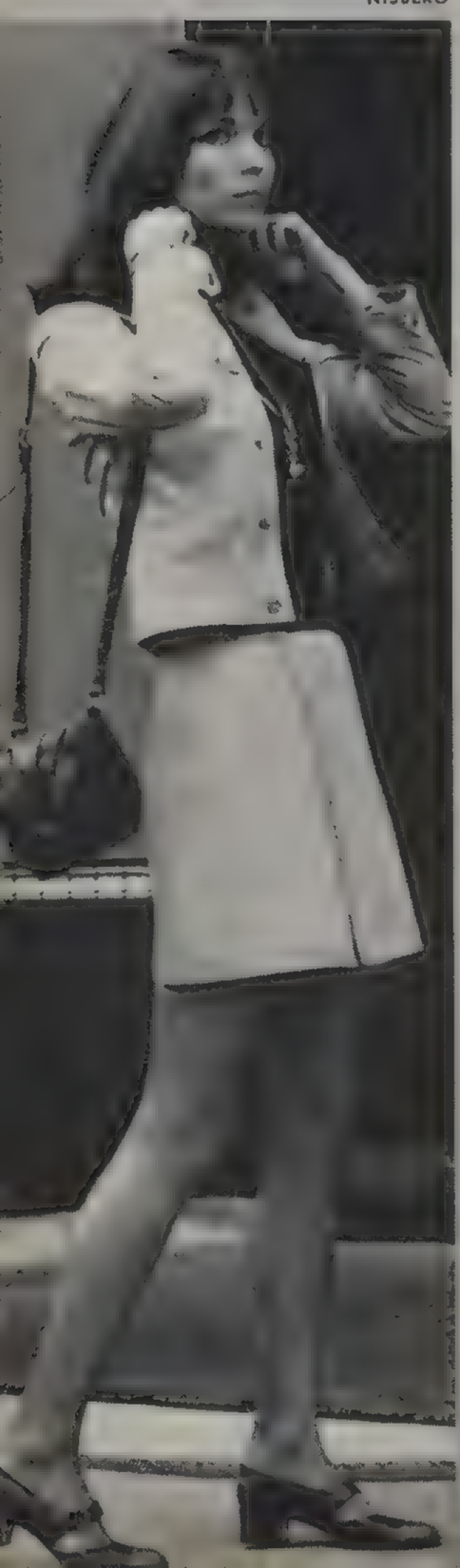
Left: Pants about $12. At Bloomingdale's; Filene's; Wanamaker's, Phila. Boots by Lowe of Switzerland at I. Miller Galleria.

Right: A woolmark shirtdress of Meyer Woolens double worsted. About $160. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Jacobson's, Michigan; Neiman-Marcus. Doro scarf. Latinas bag. Rings: Sant'Angelo, Napier. Bonnie Doon socks. Shoes: Degas at Saks Fifth Avenue. Hugh Harrison coiffure. Cleopatra hairpieces.

FORECAST 1969

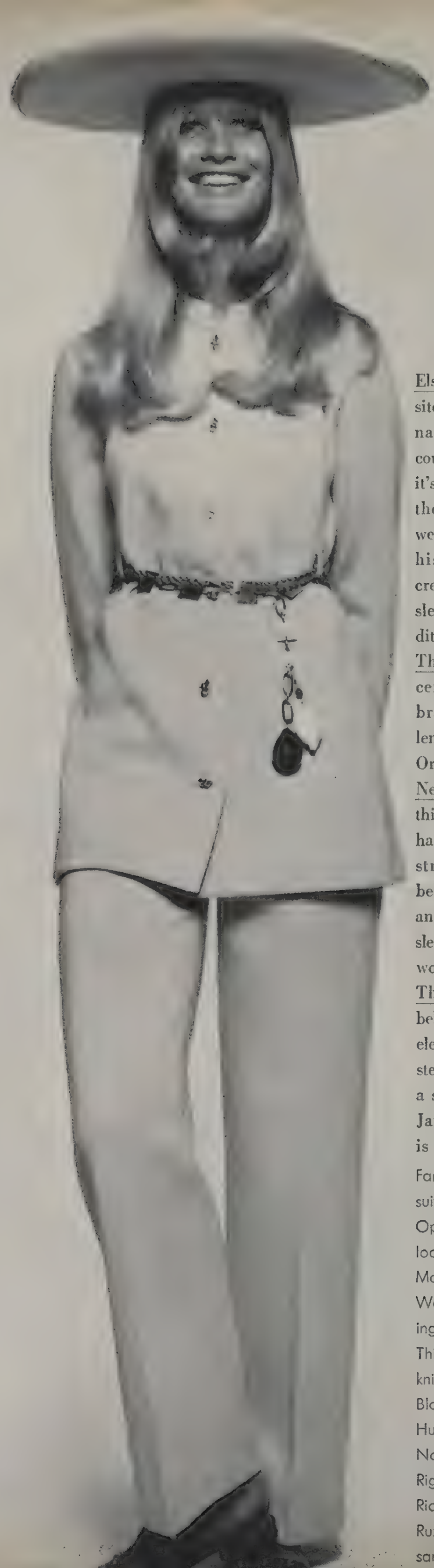
pants suits–short, long, plus a big hat... the perfect rainsuit... the electronic car

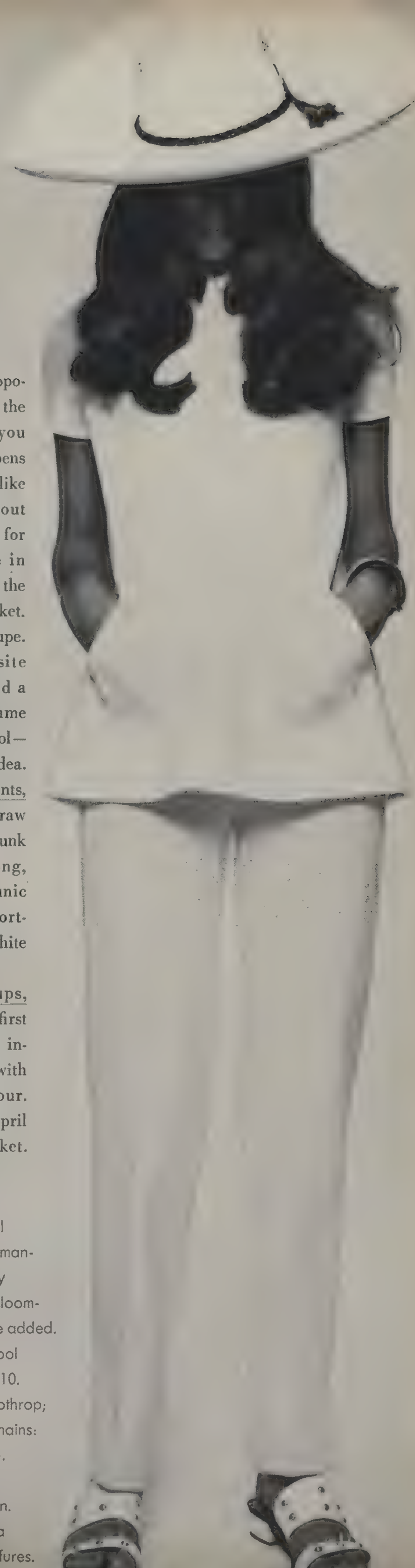
NISBERG



SERGE HAMBOURG: "LE NOUVEL OBSERVATEUR"







Elsa Martinelli, below left, opposite—actress, beauty, wearer of the nattiest young suit-shape you could set your sights on. Happens it's a rainsuit, but with looks like these, who gives a hang about weather? Saint Laurent did it for his Rive Gauche Boutique in creamy beige poplin...tabbed the sleeves of the windbreak-jacket. ditto-ed the wrapover mini-jupe. The short-pants suit, opposite centre: mid-thigh shorts and a brass-buttoned coat of the same length, same creamy white wool—Originala's super-duper suit idea. New top-ho for tunics and pants, this page: Mr. John's wide straw hat with a ranger crown, to plunk straight on—left, with a long, belted, oatmeal knit shirt-tunic and pants; right, with a short-sleeved tunic and pants of white wool knit. Kimberly turnouts.

Three-wheeler for grown-ups, below left: the car with the first electronic engine, transistors instead of batteries. You steer it with a stick—up to 60 km per hour. Jarret is the maker and next April is when it's due on the market.

Far left: Waterproof cotton rain-suit: $60. Rive Gauche Boutique, Opposite, centre: Of Anglo wool loomed in America. Martha; Neiman-Marcus; John Doyle Bishop. Emily Wetherby scarf. Obrey watch: Bloom-ingdale's. Capezio boots. Blouse added. This page: Pants and tunics of wool knitted in America. Left, about $110. Bloomingdale's; Woodward & Lothrop; Hudson's; Bullock's, all stores. Chains: Napier; Calderon (shells by Stix). Right, about $100. Bonwit Teller; Rich's; Montaldo's; J. W. Robinson. Ruza Creations wristband. Aliata sandals. Richard of Norbert coiffures.

PENATI

FORECAST

1969

everything's
jumping



PENATI

The wrapped dirndl jumper, left: navy wool with a wide side-buttoned waistband...white crêpe shirt. Matty Talmack designed by Morty Sussman. The suspender jumper that's really a one-piece dress—swingy little white jumper-skirts held fast to contrasting shirts. Far left, flare of white wool hung on gilt-buckled suspenders with a shirt-top of navy wool. Below, white silk, golden link braces, red silk top. Both: Bill Blass for Maurice Rentner. The wide-belted jumper, above right: grey cashmere cut away to a deep wide V over an embossed white cotton shirt with a small rounded schoolgirl collar and full-blown sleeves. By Chester Weinberg. The jump-suit jumper, right: cropped and ready to jump in '69—back-belted navy wool worn with a white silk crêpe turtleneck and—not shown here—a matching navy jacket. Turnout by Originala.

Left: Wrapped jumper of wool, loomed in America (Ordelaine fabric). Blouse of Avisco rayon and acetate (Onondaga fabric). Bergdorf Goodman; Nan Duskin; Neiman-Marcus. Pakula rings. Belle-Sharmeer tights: Lord & Taylor. Far left: Jumper-dress of Agnona wool. About $250. Bonwit Teller. Sheffield watch. Adler knee socks. Capezio shoes. Below right: Jumper-dress at Saks Fifth Avenue. Adler knee socks. El Greco boots. Above right: Belted cashmere jumper (Agnona fabric). Bergdorf Goodman; Jacobson's, Michigan. Bonnie Doon knee socks. Moccasins by Golo. Right: Jump suit of Anglo wool. Bonwit Teller; Hudson's; Swanson's; Frost Bros. Headband: Ruza Creations. Rings: Cadoro; Napier. Capezio boots. Coiffures by Richard of Norbert. Leon Buchheit hairpieces.



FORECAST 1969

pants sock...bare
midriff... shirt-tunic
and wide pants...
the sectional skirt

WALDECK

With pants—silky evening knee socks like a man's. far left, ribbed all the way above the prettiest evening pumps this year—black moire plumped by a giant flossy black pompon. Socks by Adler. Margaret Jerrold shoes. Bernard Abrams pompons. With pants now—midriff-baring halter and tunic, left, in a fling of clear pink: tunic unbuttoned over a half-way halter and jewel-belted pants. By Trigère. With pants now—belted shirt-tunic, right: Black crêpe walking off with diamanté sparklers for one of the most terrific dinner looks in town. Tunic and pants by Marie McCarthy and Larry Aldrich. The greatest mini-jupe around, above, cut in wedge-shaped sections and stitched—to move marvellously as you walk. Of black wool and silk worn with a narrow black shirt and silvery belt. By Mila Schön.

Far left: Socks, at Bloomingdale's.
Shoes, at Lord & Taylor.
Left: Trio, in textured rayon and silk. Martha;
Maison Blanche; Neiman-Marcus.
Charles Elkaim earrings. Jack Gilbert chain.
K. J. L. pin, at Henri Bendel. Aliata sandals.
Right: Tunic and pants, in Avisco rayon and acetate
(Onondaga fabric). About $190. Lord & Taylor;
Woodward & Lothrop; Sanger-Harris; Joseph
Magnin. Nitta headband, at Henri Bendel.
House of Joy rings. Charles Jourdan shoes.
With both pants turnouts: coiffures by
Richard of Norbert; hairpieces
by Leon Buchheit.
Above: Skirt, in Agnona fabric.
Turnout, at Martha.
Coro rings. Golo boots.

FORECAST

1969

the cutaway plunge...body sculpture... antique paste jewels for modern fashion



Peggy Lipton, far left, rock-record star and starry, dark-eyed blond law-enforceress on ABC-TV's crack new series *The Mod Squad*. Here, she's an all-out romantic in the biggest little evening dress this year—cut-away white piqué, plunged to the waist and sashed under the bosom; a bouncy skirt. Jacques Tiffeau for Tiffeau & Busch. Last century's jewels, near left, hot new rocks for this year's fashion—one enormous flower spray and rings on every finger ...French, English, 18th century on. Vieille Russie, New York. The body sculpture, right, an attenuated jewel of chased silver—swinging open panels and a chime of silver dollops. Designed by Arline Fisch for Lee Nordness Galleries, New York.

Far left: Dress of Abraham cotton piqué. About $190. Park Avenue Room at Saks Fifth Avenue; Hutzler's, Higbee's, Swanson's. K. J. L. and Capri bracelets. Pakula rings. Coiffure: Alan of Kenneth. Right: Leotard and tights by Danskin: Best & Co.

WALDECK

FORECAST 1969

the big little evening dress—black, plunged and veiled



Have more fun in a black-tie dress, left: short, easy, and sexy as all get out—the little evening dress everyone's looking for. Cutaway black crêpe tied with black satin before the plunge hits bottom...soft skirt; diamanté serpents coiled on the arm. The dress by Mollie Parnis. Wrap and tie black with a wide fringed sash, near right, leaving a deep V of bareness, and cross the flared skirt with sparkle. By Dalton. Veil the midriff with sheer black, far right: transparency links two parts black crêpe and the party lasts till dawn. Dress by Mollie Parnis.

PENATI

Opposite: Dress
of William Rose
silk crêpe. About $190.
Saks Fifth Avenue; Nan
Duskin; Gidding-Jenny;
Neiman-Marcus.
K. J. L. bracelets.
Left: Dress of Trevira.
About $75. Best & Co.; Higbee's;
Sanger-Harris. Jack Gilbert chains:
Best & Co. K. J. L. Maltese cross:
Henri Bendel. Rings by Jules
Van Rouge; House of Joy.
Above: Dress of William Rose
silk crêpe. About $190.
Saks Fifth Avenue.
K. J. L. bracelets.
Both pages: stockings
by Schiaparelli; coiffures
by Richard of Norbert;
Leon Buchheit hairpieces.

The very least, far left: bare bikini panties and top, bare beige chiffon. Jon Haggins. Two and total, far left below: bikini top with built-in bra, wide-legged pants with built-in pantie-girdle—now you have the whole inside-outside story in a double play of polka dots. By Warner's. Top-to-toe body stocking, centre, doing your thing for you at a single ribby black stretch. By Hudson. Lasting attachment, left: sheer black tights and bikini panties hit it off together—for good. Rudi Gernreich for the McCallum Boutique. The most, above: if you need a bit of help, you've got it—a holding operation that makes one trim line of stockings, panties, you. Hanes. Out from under, right, comes the jump suit—bitter-brown ribbed wool by Ungaro wrapped by an unbleached denim Phelps mini-jupe. This one's really got pull, far right, snugging up to a perfect fit whether you're 5'10" or just 5'1". In brown. By Berkshire.

FORECAST
1969
doing your
under thing—
the least
you can do

WALDECK

Far left: Silk bikini, about $60.
Bonwit Teller S'fari Room;
Joske's Houston.
Far left, below: Navy and white
dots in Arnel and Lycra. Top, $6;
pants, $15. February 1,
at Bonwit Teller.
Centre left, below: Body stocking,
$8. Bergdorf Goodman.
Near left: Agilon bikini tights,
$6, Henri Bendel.
Near left above: Pantie
stockings, of Cantrece nylon
and spandex. $5, Altman's.
Right: Jump suit, $100.
Bonwit Teller S'fari Room.
Skirt, of Dacron and cotton
(Avondale fabric). $23.
Lord & Taylor. Berkshire
knee socks. Capezio
shoes, Lord & Taylor.
Far right. Actionwear
tights of Monsanto
Blue C nylon. $3.
Arnold Constable.
Trifari chain.
Accessocraft pendant.
All coiffures: Mr. Chin
of Charles of the Ritz.

Corking idea—the look of greater bulk to the foot, above, here lightly stepping things up on rope-crossed layers, simple as a Buddhist monk's clog. Cork clogs by Battani. Big pockets, 2-inch heels to boot, left, and you can see you have the right cut to the pants—stitched navy denim low at waist, wide at hem. Lynn Stuart for Mister Pants. Garnet and gold sari cloth, right, blazing the bosom with jewels—an evening caftan swept over a ruby jump suit with a top you can just roll up or down. By Adele Simpson.

Above: Clogs, about $30. At Vanity Specialty Shop, New York.

Left: Cotton denim pants, about $12. At Bloomingdale's; Filene's; Wanamaker's, Phila. Scarfs from Sona The Golden One.

Boots by Lowe of Switzerland, at I. Miller Galleria.

Right: Caftan, Bonwit Teller, New York. Ruza Creations ring. Marvella pin. Jack Gilbert rhinestone belt. Coiffure by Richard of Norbert. Leon Buchheit hairpieces.

FORECAST 1969 the clog... perfect pants... sari cloth robe

WALDECK

PENATI



PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT...

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . The massive changes coming later this month to Washington, the general misery of the outgoing Democrats and the infatuated joy of the incoming Republicans, with inventive gossip the main product. . . . The open-end fund of stories about Jack Johnson, the slightly disguised hero of the smashing hit play *The Great White Hope*, and the bout he fought in 1909 in Philadelphia with Stanley Ketchel, the Michigan Assassin, an emotional man who trained with the help of four pretty chorus girls, both men making the weight on crooked scales.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT IN LONDON . . . The overnight arrival of Art Deco, a rather 1930's Egyptian style, replacing the curves of Art Nouveau, with the Victoria and Albert Museum promising to save from the wreckers the Strand Palace Hotel foyer, the best example of Art Deco. . . . Victor Henry, an electrifying young actor in the revival of John Osborne's original firecracker, *Look Back in Anger*, which has given the British a sudden nostalgia for the 1950's. . . . Terry Reid, a high-decibel, nineteen-year-old singer who, with two more young, loud, good Englishmen on their first American tour and album, *Bang, Bang You're Terry Reid*, struck success at first shout.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . Dion moaning on his record, "Abraham, Martin, and John," as he asks with remarkable effect, "Where have they gone?" . . . The angry protest paintings, sure, plunging, sensuous, and the gentle, big, misty portraits, all by Charles Alston who has included his powerful but simple Family series of faceless Blacks which is the way he believes some whites see Blacks, at New York's Gallery of Modern Art—the show put on by Fairleigh Dickinson University. . . . The movie *The Lady*, which Silvio Clementelli is making near Rome, its script based on the 400-year-old trial records of a nun in Monza who gave birth, after a raping, and was then buried alive. . . . Mia Farrow and her international press interviews which sound like spirited readings of graffiti added to Molly Bloom's famous soliloquy in *Ulysses*.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . Molas, the wonderfully ingenious cloth appliqués in startling reds, blues, and marsh greens, invented and sewn on the San Blas Islands off Panama by the Cuna Indian women who are still primitive enough to observe this tradition of dress and craft hundreds of years old, but who don't miss much as their designs include soccer players, cigarette ads, helicopters, satellites—Molas are on exhibition in New York until the middle of January at both the Stæmpfli Gallery and the Center for Inter-American Relations. . . . The funny new book *The Marx Brothers at the Movies* by Paul D. Zimmerman and Burt Goldblatt who give spirited attention to Chico, Groucho, and especially Harpo, the redhead, a quiet quipper to whom a friend once said that the chewing gum he had been cudding for several hours couldn't have much taste left, Harpo answering that "it didn't have much taste when I found it."

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . *The American University* by Jacques Barzun of Columbia University who holds the sensible theory that universities should not be like all-purpose flour for all-purpose expertise but that the universities, now in a muddle, should go back to their job—to teach and to learn through research. . . . *Big Time Buck White*, a riotous comedy about Black Power, coming out of the experimental Watts Theater Workshop, directed by Dick Williams who also plays the rôle of Big Time with stirring elegance; the core of its plot, an organization called BAD for Beautiful Alleluia Days; the core of its humours, mockery, anger, wit, intelligence; the cast includes ensemble energy and the audience.

PRESIDENT-ELECT RICHARD MILHOUS NIXON

This country and the world watch with a rapacity of Hope, eager and heartfelt, the arrival of President-elect Nixon this month into the centre of power. Of Richard Nixon it could be said, as John Randolph of Roanoke said of President Martin Van Buren: "He rows to his object with muffled oars." Although the political drama that will lead to the taking of the Presidential oath has been hardly clangorous, it may, indeed, lead to a healing process, uniting the country reasonably in some part. On his way to the Presidency, Mr. Nixon at times has been shy, limber, never gaudy, wisely inconsistent, occasionally bold, politically shrewd, with a startling facility for knowing what he has to know. As old Thomas Jefferson wrote about this country to old John Adams—both former Presidents—"We know not how we rode through the storm with heart and hand, and made a happy port. . . . And so we have gone on, and so we shall go on, puzzled and prospering beyond example in the history of men."

TONI FRISSELL



PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT...

1. JERRY ORBACH, who looks like a genial beagle that has dieted too much, the chief of *Promises, Promises,* a fast and funny stage remake of the movie *The Apartment,* with, this time, spirited music by Burt Bacharach. Tall, gangling, younger than he looks, Orbach has been better than his rôles—no matter what he plays, the part turns neurotic, a man never completely free of his psychiatrist.

2. CALVIN LOCKHART, a remarkably good-looking young actor, lean and long and Bahamian, who is in the new movie *Joanna* which is like a pretty comic strip, its depth no deeper than a Moebius twist. Lockhart, who had studied at the Cooper Union School of Engineering, first surfaced in the movie *A Taste of Honey,* went to London for the stage go-round of LeRoi Jones's *Dutchman,* but now as Joanna's hero-lover shows the kind of nerve-end cool and infuriating self-sufficiency that is part of Cary Grant's long-lived demonry.

3. ERICA POMERANCE, a twenty-three-year-old French-Canadian graduate of McGill University who now sings in a New York nightclub and on ESP-Disk' records—"I scare people"—and who is writing a book on her experiences last spring in Paris where she and other activists lived for a few days at the Théâtre Odéon during the student revolution before she moved into basement quarters at the Sorbonne, surrounded "by books, guns, and Molotov cocktails."

4. MARY ELLMANN, who is the shy, brilliant, iconoclastic author of *Thinking About Women,* a book that owes nothing to Betty Friedan, Ashley Montagu, and Simone de Beauvoir, and, in fact, makes their thinking shallow as a pan. Married to Richard Ellmann, professor of English at Yale and the most noted scholar on James Joyce, Mrs. Ellmann, who has a son at Harvard and two younger daughters, refuses to accept the going theses on women. A scholar and a college teacher, Mrs. Ellmann in her book finds that when critics are discussing women writers "revulsion is an under-developed area. What rouses a much more interesting hostility in many is the work which does not conform to sexual preconception. That is, if feminine concerns can be found, they are conventionally rebuked; but their


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absence is shocking. While all women's writing should presumably strive for a suprafeminine condition, it is profoundly distrusted for achieving it."

5. MARC COPAGE, a sunny six-year-old who has boomed to sudden fame as the son of Diahann Carroll in the television series *Julia*, a gossamer comedy about the mild life of a pretty Black mother and her child.

6. BEVERLY AND CURTIS BILL PEPPER, who are both on a high trajectory, are married, live in Rome where she has a studio and welds her enormous sculptures, which will be on exhibition this month at New York's Marlborough-Gerson Gallery before going to Chicago, Boston, and Buffalo's Albright-Knox Art Gallery. He is the author of the book *An Artist and the Pope,* based on the recollections of the remarkable Italian artist Giacomo Manzù who designed the famous new twin-leaf bronze Doors of Death at St. Peter's with their portraits of Pope John XXIII.

7. THE BARROW POETS of London who perform joyously in *A Yard of Pudding* have just been on a short tour of this country, with the six members of the cast either reading poetry or playing their instruments which include the bass cacofiddle and the *cor anglais.*

8. IEOH MING PEI, a remarkable architect, born in China in 1917, who has been appointed, with his partners, as planning consultant for Columbia University, with one of the objectives the exploration of the needs of the community and of Columbia.

9. "HERCULES and the NEMEAN LION" which is in the astonishing exhibition of mediaeval art, all from private collections, at The Cloisters in New York. Owned by Irwin Untermyer, this thirteenth-century sculpture is aswirl with suppositions: It may come from Apulia in Italy, it may be Samson rather than Hercules, it may be dated from "a renaissance before the Renaissance." What is absolutely clear is that this sculpture and the other treasures make a unique and enthralling show.

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the man who plays the man who plays Pope Hadrian VII

BY KATHLEEN TYNAN

Alec McCowen has an irreverent habit of being cheeky or pert at moments of great solemnity, which is one of the cards he pulls as the imaginary Pope in Peter Luke's play *Hadrian the Seventh.* Another card he plays allows him to adjust his audience to the fantasy, so that they accept that a poor and eccentric fellow, Frederick Rolfe, a reject for the priesthood and an Englishman into the bargain, should become Pope.

McCowen plays Frederick Rolfe as an obsessive, both vain and innocent, a slight, nervy, chain-smoking man in a muffler and frayed suit, who slicks his hair before the mirror forgetful that his clerical visitors have already arrived. When elected Pope, he is cat among pigeons, a small dictator who conquers all hearts and ends up by being martyred. In a play that will never make the anthologies, McCowen has managed to be not just theatrically dazzling but also funny and vulnerable.

Frederick Rolfe, a failed priest, writer, painter, photographer, inventor, astrologer, and skinny eccentric, was born in 1860 in London and about twenty years later went up to Oxford as an unattached student, disgracing himself by appearing at a fancy-dress ball in honour of the Prince of Wales in a raven costume. In front of the Prince, Rolfe tactlessly emptied a pint of whitewash from his tail. After he became a Roman Catholic, he went to a college in a limited class of "divines receiving instruction for ordination." There he painted his bedroom wall with portraits of St. William of Norwich and his one hundred and forty-nine bearers, all of whom bore an astonishing resemblance to Rolfe. After a stint at the Scots College in Rome, from which he was dismissed on the grounds that he had no vocation for the priesthood, he built up a persecution complex of a monumental order.

When Rolfe returned to England, he took the title of Baron Corvo, which he claimed belonged to him through the gift of some estates from an English noblewoman. Unfortunately the title was bogus and his funds nonexistent. There followed a distressing series of mishaps, including an episode in which he was thrown into the street in his pyjamas for failing to pay his rent in Scotland. In great poverty, Rolfe in 1903 began to write his semi-autobiographical novel, *Hadrian the Seventh.* In 1908, with his belongings packed in a laundry basket, a giant crucifix around his neck, and an outsize fountain pen filled with red ink, he set out for Venice. There he habitually corrupted boys, dyed his hair red, walked a small dog with a scarlet bow, and made for himself pyjamas of scarlet satin. In 1913 he died in Venice while bending to put on his boots. He left to the world this explanation of his peculiarities. "I cultivate the gentle art of making enemies. A friend is necessary, one friend—but an enemy is more necessary. An enemy keeps one alert."

When *Hadrian* opened in London last April, *The Observer* critic wrote: "The theatre critics last week unanimously took on the rôle of midwives and gave birth to a new star: Alec McCowen." Harold Hobson described McCowen's performance as "passionate both in its fanaticism and its bitter contempt . . . something that should draw the whole town."

The critics saw *Hadrian* as the personal success which McCowen has long deserved but never had. His professional colleagues, meanwhile, remained calm. To actors, he has been a star for a long time, and they consider his success merely a right. During twenty-six years on the stage, his performances include the Fool in Peter Brook's production of *King Lear;* Mercutio in Zeffirelli's *Romeo and Juliet;* Touchstone, Malvolio, and Richard II; Barnaby in *The Matchmaker* opposite Ruth Gordon; the Dauphin in *St. Joan;* the Jesuit priest in Rolf Hochhuth's play *The Representative;* and recently, the dictatorial Arthur Henderson in John Bowen's play *After the Rain*—both of these last parts unknowing rehearsals for *Hadrian.*

Irene Worth described him as "one of the few actors dedicated to the art of acting instead of to himself. At a time when acting is very poor, when every actor only wants to be a star, and when vocal mannerisms tell you a mile away when the laugh is coming, Alec cares about the theatrical experience as a whole."

The first time I met Alec McCowen, he was wearing a khaki-coloured jacket, the khaki repeated in his tie, shirt, trousers, and shoes. He also wore a pair of sunglasses. But from behind these he was surprisingly uncamouflaged, with steadfast eyes and a sharp head that he cocks like a dog. At forty-three, he still looks young, though no longer young enough, he adds with relief, to play the boys and clowns he's played so often.

His friends confirmed that he is modest and unassuming, private almost to the point of being secretive, a man enormously liked by other actors, who lives alone and relies on half a dozen close friends. These friends include the director Vivian Matalon, the actress and teacher Dorothy Bromiley, and Judi Dench, who starred in London in *Cabaret.*

"There's an immense amount of childishness in McCowen," Vivian Matalon explained. "I think it's the most important thing for an actor to possess. He's very close to his family. His humour is silly and private and verbal."

(Continued on page 171)

ALEC McCOWEN IN THE NEW PETER LUKE PLAY "HADRIAN THE SEVENTH"

this page, as Frederick Rolfe, an English fantasist of whom Pamela Hansford Johnson said: "He had no talent but a little genius"; *right,* as Rolfe's fantasy, Pope Hadrian VII.

SNOWDON



THE ENERGIES OF MEN

BY WILLIAM JAMES

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Dr. William James, the bearded, witty, emotional, older brother of Henry James, walked for almost fifty years through the Harvard Yard where he was, according to one of his students, "an irresistible gust of life." A pioneer in psychology and the founder of the philosophical system Pragmatism, James was born January 11, 1842, in the Astor hotel in New York City. After taking undergraduate work at Harvard, he went to the Harvard Medical School and later became an instructor in anatomy and physiology there. In time he was Harvard's first professor of psychology and professor of philosophy, dying of heart disease in 1910. The essay, "The Energies of Men," is from a collection called* Memories and Studies, *published in 1911 by Longmans Green & Co., and is now reprinted with the permission of David McKay Company, Inc. Vogue asked four men to comment on this essay first delivered to the American Philosophical Association at Columbia University in 1906: Dr. E. Lovell Becker is Associate Professor of Medicine at Cornell University Medical College and the Program Director of the Clinical Research Center of The New York Hospital in New York City. Dr. Thubten J. Norbu, eldest brother of the Dalai Lama, is head of The Tibet Society at the University of Indiana at Bloomington, where he teaches Tibetan history and language. Colonel Charles E. Yeager is now commander of the 4th Tactical Fighter Wing at Seymour Johnson Air Force Base, North Carolina. Colonel Yeager first found fame when he flew the Bell XS-1 past the sound barrier, becoming the world's first supersonic pilot in 1947. He was the first American to take a rocket-powered aircraft off the ground, and in 1953 he flew the Bell X-1A at 1,650 miles an hour or almost two and a half times the speed of sound. Dr. Harold W. Lovell is Clinical Professor of Neurology, New York Medical College.*

THE VALIDITY OF JAMES BY DR. E. LOVELL BECKER

While on an exploring and collecting trip to Brazil in 1865, William James as a young man had a mild form of smallpox that forced him to spend two weeks in the hospital. During this illness he developed many problems of the hypochondriac. Utterly despondent, he decided then that his life would be better spent in a discipline dealing with speculation rather than in strenuous activity. In 1869, he completed his studies in medicine according to plan after several periods of depression. His teaching career at Harvard, which began with physiology, led him to psychology and to his work in philosophy, an interest kindled during his illness in Brazil.

In this essay, "The Energies of Men," James noted that fatigue can be dispelled by stored-up energies; this observation is as true now as then, the difference being that today we have more insight into the chemical basis for these observations. He likens "efficiency equilibrium" to nutritive equilibrium or, in present-day (Continued on opposite page)

Everyone knows what it is to start a piece of work, either intellectual or muscular, feeling stale—or *oold*, as an Adirondack guide once put it to me. And everybody knows what it is to "warm up" to his job. The process of warming up gets particularly striking in the phenomenon known as "second wind." On usual occasions we make a practice of stopping an occupation as soon as we meet the first effective layer (so to call it) of fatigue. We have then walked, played, or worked "enough," so we desist. That amount of fatigue is an efficacious obstruction on this side of which our usual life is cast. But if an unusual necessity forces us to press onward, a surprising thing occurs. The fatigue gets worse up to a certain critical point, when gradually or suddenly it passes away, and we are fresher than before. We have evidently tapped a level of new energy, masked until then by the fatigue-obstacle usually obeyed. There may be layer after layer of this experience. A third and a fourth "wind" may supervene. Mental activity shows the phenomenon as well as physical activity, and in exceptional cases we may find, beyond the very extremity of fatigue-distress, amounts of ease and

power that we never dreamed ourselves to own—sources of strength habitually not taxed at all, because habitually we never push through the obstruction, never pass those early critical points.

For many years I have mused on the phenomenon of second wind, trying to find a physiological theory. It is evident that our organism has stored-up reserves of energy that are ordinarily not called upon, but that may be called upon: deeper and deeper strata of combustible or explosible material, discontinuously arranged, but ready for use by anyone who probes so deep, and repairing themselves by rest as well as do the superficial strata. Most of us continue living unnecessarily near our surface. Our energy budget is like our nutritive budget. Physiologists say that a man is in "nutritive equilibrium" when day after day he neither gains nor loses weight. But the odd thing is that this condition may obtain on astonishingly different amounts of food. Take a man in nutritive equilibrium, and systematically increase or lessen his rations. In the first case he will begin to gain weight, in the second case to lose it. The change will be the greatest on the first day, less on the second, less still on the third; and so on, till he has gained all that he will gain, or lost all that he will lose, on that altered diet. He is now in nutritive equilibrium again, but with a new weight; and this neither lessens nor increases because his various combustion-processes have adjusted themselves to the changed dietary. He gets rid, in one way or another, of just as much N, C, H, et cetera, as he takes in *per diem*.

Just so one can be in what I might call "efficiency equilibrium" (neither gaining nor losing power when once the equilibrium is reached) on astonishingly different quantities of work, no matter in what direction the work may be measured. It may be physical work, intellectual work, moral work, or spiritual work.

Of course there are limits: the trees don't grow into the sky. But the plain fact remains that men the world over possess amounts of resource which only very exceptional individuals push to their extremes of use. But the very same individual, pushing his energies to their extreme, may in a vast number of cases keep the pace up day after day, and find no "reaction" of a bad sort, so long as decent hygienic conditions are preserved. His more active rate of energizing does not wreck him; for the organism adapts itself, and as the rate of waste augments, augments correspondingly the rate of repair.

I say the *rate* and not the *time* of repair. The busiest man needs no more hours of rest than the idler. Some years ago Professor Patrick, of the Iowa State University, kept three young men awake for four days and nights. When his observations on them were finished, the subjects were permitted to sleep themselves out. All awoke from this sleep completely refreshed, but the one who took the longest to restore himself from his long vigil only slept one-third more time than was regular with him.

If my reader will put together these two conceptions, first, that few men live at their maximum of energy, and second, that anyone may be in vital equilibrium at very different rates of energizing, he will find, I think, that a very pretty practical problem of national economy, as well as of individual ethics, opens upon his view. In rough terms, we may say that a man who energizes below his normal maximum fails by just so much to profit by his chance at life; and that a nation filled with such men is inferior to a nation run at higher pressure. The problem is, then, how can men be trained up to their most useful pitch of energy? And how can nations make such training most accessible to all their sons and daughters. This, after all, is only the general problem of education, formulated in slightly different terms.

"Rough" terms, I said just now, because the words "energy" and "maximum" may easily suggest only *quantity* to the reader's mind, whereas in measuring the human energies of which I speak, qualities as well as quantities have to be taken into account. Everyone feels that his total *power* rises when he passes to a higher qualitative level of life.

Writing is higher than walking, thinking is higher than writing, deciding higher than thinking, deciding "no" higher than deciding "yes"—at least the man who passes from one of these activities to another will usually say that each later one involves a greater element of *inner work* than the earlier (Continued on next page)

language, metabolic balance, *i.e.*, the net result of all energy processes maintaining the organism in a constant or steady state. The delicacy of this balance is most impressive. For example, if the average adult consumes one slice of bread a day in excess of metabolic needs, fat will accumulate and in the course of a year will amount to an increase of ten pounds in total body weight. So then, for most of us the regulatory factors are remarkable, as we are able to maintain a constant body weight without willful control.

James goes on to point out that few if any of us use our mental and physical resources to full capacity. He refers to "dynamogenic" agents or those stimuli that cause one to utilize these resources. Today the psychiatrist recognizes one set of such agents, but other factors may mediate activity through physiological pathways. Our environmental stimuli, whether physical, chemical, or psychological, affect the biological unit giving rise to physiological responses. Such concepts are well recognized today, sixty years after James mentions them.

As an example, the stresses of life, acute or chronic, may incite the adrenal glands to excrete hormones that will affect blood pressure, intestinal activity, and mental acuity. In this essay, James points out that man seldom lives at his maximum of energy and that he may be in vital equilibrium at different levels of "energizing." How this level is attained or determined is an individual problem. James asks us to examine the magnitude of human powers and the mechanism whereby we can make use of untapped resources.

SPIRITUAL ENERGY
BY THUBTEN J. NORBU

When people in the West speak about spiritual activities, the first thoughts are of religion and prayer. It appears now that the Western man generally has little genuine relationship to the world of prayer; the cause is his critical and skeptical attitude. Many "enlightened" people would probably feel embarrassed to show openly a belief in the efficacy of prayer. Many go to their churches to perform the prescribed gestures, to sing the prescribed hymns, and to speak the prescribed prayers without being completely aware of what they are doing. They leave without a sense of revitalization. Of course, no observer can truly measure how sincere people are when they pray, but doubts may arise when a supposedly devout man speaks unkindly to his family, (Continued next page)

THE ENERGIES OF MEN

commits unkind or even dishonest acts, and cheats in his business. If these people only knew that prayer can be refreshing, it could open a source of energy of amazing strength.

This "second wind" may also be achieved by meditation, a much more intense and profound way of prayer. While the prayer is usually aimed at obtaining something—peace of mind, health, relief from something that oppresses—meditation goes deep. It requires thought concentration, and its objective is only indirectly pointed towards receiving benefits. Instead, knowledge can be found that superficial thoughts can not provide.

Concerning spiritual energy, one could say that the "second wind" can be achieved on three levels in an ascending order: (a) emotion, (b) volition, and (c) prayer and meditation.

THE UNTAPPED RESOURCE BY COLONEL CHARLES E. YEAGER, USAF

The 4th Tactical Fighter Wing was in South Korea in January, 1968, during a period of political tension created by the "Pueblo" incident. The wing in its entirety had some forty hours to prepare for the pilots of the first squadron to fly their fighter aircraft nonstop from Seymour Johnson Air Force Base, North Carolina, to Hickam Air Force Base, Hawaii, spending about twelve hours in small cockpits unable even to stretch a leg. In Hawaii, these pilots were hustled to a briefing, fed, and sent off for the night. That basic routine was followed for the next two days, the men arriving at Kunsan Air Base, Korea, in snowy and icy conditions, less than seventy-two hours after departure from the Seymour Johnson Base. At Kunsan the pilots were briefed, then flew a mission the following day—without incident. Undoubtedly these pilots experienced fatigue and the desire to stop working, but the urgency of the situation and the apprehension in existence at the time provided an element of unusual necessity. They tapped a level of new energy, hidden until then.

An untapped resource, the mind, is the true supplier of the energies of men.

(Continued from preceding page) ones, even though the total heat given out or the foot-pounds expended by the organism may be less. Just how to conceive this inner work physiologically is as yet impossible, but psychologically we all know what the word means. We need a particular spur or effort to start us upon inner work; it tires us to sustain it; and when long sustained, we know how easily we lapse. When I speak of "energizing," and its rates and levels and sources, I mean therefore our inner as well as our outer work.

Let no one think, then, that our problem of individual and national economy is solely that of the maximum of pounds raisable against gravity, the maximum of locomotion or of agitation of any sort, that human beings can accomplish. That might signify little more than hurrying and jumping about in uncoordinated ways; whereas inner work, though it so often reinforces outer work, quite as often means its arrest. To relax, to say to ourselves (with the "new thoughters") "Peace! be still!" is sometimes a great achievement of inner work. When I speak of human energizing in general, the reader must therefore understand that sum-total of activities, some outer and some inner, some muscular, some emotional, some moral, some spiritual, of whose waxing and waning in himself he is at all times so well aware. How to keep it at an appreciable maximum? How not to let the level lapse? That is the great problem. But the work of men and women is of innumerable kinds, each kind being, as we say, carried on by a particular faculty; so the great problem splits into two sub-problems thus:

1. What are the limits of human faculty in various directions?

2. By what diversity of means, in the differing types of human beings, may the faculties be stimulated to their best results?

Read in one way, these two questions sound both trivial and familiar: There is a sense in which we have all asked them ever since we were born. Yet *as a methodical programme of scientific inquiry*, I doubt whether they have ever been seriously taken up. If answered fully, almost the whole of mental science and of the science of conduct would find a place under them. I propose, in what follows, to press them on the reader's attention in an informal way.

The first point to agree upon in this enterprise is that *as a rule men habitually use only a small part of the powers which they actually possess and which they might use under appropriate conditions.*

Every one is familiar with the phenomenon of feeling more or less alive on different days. Every one knows on any given day that there are energies slumbering in him which the incitements of that day do not call forth, but which he might display if these were greater. Most of us feel as if a sort of cloud weighed upon us, keeping us below our highest notch of clearness in discernment, sureness in reasoning, or firmness in deciding. Compared with what we ought to be, we are only half awake. Our fires are damped, our drafts are checked. We are making use of only a small part of our possible mental and physical resources. In some persons this sense of being cut off from their rightful resources is extreme, and we then get the formidable neurasthenic and psychasthenic conditions, with life grown into one tissue of impossibilities, that so many medical books describe.

Stating the thing broadly, the human individual thus lives usually far within his limits; he possesses powers of various sorts which he habitually fails to use. He energizes below his *maximum*, and he behaves below his optimum. In elementary faculty, in coordination, in power of *inhibition* and control, in every conceivable way, his life is contracted like the field of vision of an hysteric subject—but with less excuse, for the poor hysteric is diseased, while in the rest of us it is only an inveterate *habit*—the habit of inferiority to our full self—that is bad.

Admit so much, then, and admit also that the charge of being inferior to their

full self is far truer of some men than of others; then the practical question ensues: *to what do the better men owe their escape? and, in the fluctuations which all men feel in their own degree of energizing, to what are the improvements due, when they occur?*

In general terms the answer is plain:

Either some unusual stimulus fills them with emotional excitement, or some unusual idea of necessity induces them to make an extra effort of will. *Excitements, ideas, and efforts,* in a word, are what carry us over the dam.

In those "hyperesthetic" conditions which chronic invalidism so often brings in its train, the dam has changed its normal place. The slightest functional exercise gives a distress which the patient yields to and stops. In such cases of "habit-neurosis" a new range of power often comes in consequence of the "bullying treatment," of efforts which the doctor obliges the patient, much against his will, to make. First comes that very extremity of distress, then follows unexpected relief. There seems no doubt that *we are each and all of us to some extent victims of habit-neurosis.* We have to admit the wider potential range and the habitually narrow actual use. We live subject to arrest by degrees of fatigue which we have come only from habit to obey. Most of us may learn to push the barrier farther off, and to live in perfect comfort on much higher levels of power.

Country people and city people, as a class, illustrate this difference. The rapid rate of life, the number of decisions in an hour, the many things to keep account of, in a busy city man's or woman's life, seem monstrous to a country brother. He doesn't see how we live at all. A day in New York or Chicago fills him with terror. The danger and noise make it appear like a permanent earthquake. But *settle* him there, and in a year or two he will have caught the pulsebeat. He will vibrate to the city's rhythms; and if he only succeeds in his avocation, whatever that may be, he will find a joy in all the hurry and the tension, he will keep the pace as well as any of us, and get as much out of himself in any week as he ever did in ten weeks in the country.

The stimuli of those who successfully respond and undergo the transformation here, are duty, the example of others, and crowd-pressure and contagion. The transformation, moreover, is a chronic one: the new level of energy becomes permanent. The duties of new offices of trust are constantly producing this effect on human beings appointed to them. The physiologists call a stimulus "dynamogenic" when it increases the muscular contractions of men to whom it is applied; but appeals can be dynamogenic morally as well as muscularly. We are witnessing here in America today the dynamogenic effect of a very exalted political office upon the energies of an individual who had already manifested a healthy amount of energy before the office came.

Humbler examples show perhaps still better what chronic effects duty's appeal may produce in chosen individuals. John Stuart Mill somewhere says that women excel men in the power of keeping up sustained moral excitement. Every case of illness nursed by wife or mother is a proof of this; and where can one find greater examples of sustained endurance than in those thousands of poor homes, where the woman successfully holds the family together and keeps it going by taking all the thought and doing all the work—nursing, teaching, cooking, washing, sewing, scrubbing, saving, helping neighbours, "choring" outside—where does the catalogue end? If she does a bit of scolding now and then who can blame her? But often she does just the reverse; keeping the children clean and the man good tempered, and soothing and smoothing the whole neighbourhood into finer shape. . . .

Turning from more chronic to acuter proofs of human nature's reserves of power, we find that the stimuli that carry us over the usually effective dam are most often the classic emotional ones, love, anger, crowd contagion, or despair. Despair lames most people, but it wakes others fully up. Every siege or shipwreck or polar expedition brings out some hero who keeps the whole company in heart. Last year there was a terrible colliery explosion at Courrières in France. Two hundred corpses, if I remember rightly, were exhumed. After twenty days of excavation, the rescuers heard a voice. "*Me voici,*" said the first man unearthed. He proved to be a collier named Nemy, who had taken command of thirteen others in the (Continued on page 167)

PSYCHIC ENERGY BY DR. HAROLD W. LOVELL

William James's "The Energies of Men" reveals just as refreshingly today as in 1906 the genius of this great philosopher-psychologist together with his intense concern over the tremendous preponderance of underachievers among his fellow countrymen. Perhaps James's observation that "as a rule men habitually use only a small part of the powers which they actually possess" applies more poignantly in America today than at the turn of the century. James today would have applauded those with new ideas for improving our society. With an increasingly affluent society, James would have exhorted his countrymen to develop to the full their avocational potentials as hedges against individual, community, and—indeed—national deterioration.

As is customarily true of authors, James reveals in "The Energies of Men" something of his own personality preoccupations, chief of which were his mood swings or manic-depressive trends (associated with remarkable fluctuations in both psychic and physical energy) and the varying effects of alcoholic beverages on the human organism. He also revealed the importance of the mother or mother image as a tremendous source of psychic energy and motivation for individual achievement. But, he touched upon other less tender, even painful albeit powerful stimuli for remarkable effort and success, namely personal tragedy, crippling disease, poverty. Interestingly, the cause of manic-depressive illness today is just about where it was in James's time—in the great medical unknown. His disorder undoubtedly motivated the brilliant, inquisitive mind of James to ponder and commit to writing his observations about this curious condition that can cause the same individual to be painfully despondent without drive and energy at one time and then, after varying periods, shift either slowly or quite precipitously without apparent reason to the opposite extreme.

In James's day, as now, medical psychologists are uncertain of the rôle of psychological factors in the illness that affects one in about sixteen of our population at one or another time. James would agree, I believe, that people are just about the same today as they were sixty years ago, that sources of psychic energy or motivation and satisfactions from personal achievement are little if any different.

where pop music is now

BY MIKE JAHN

"The San Francisco scene was jive music. You know, guitarists playing until they fell over. Psychedelia in the name of music. I like real music."

—AL KOOPER, ORGANIST

He's right, of course. When the first wave of San Francisco musicians took the progressive pop fire created by the Beatles and Americanized it, they opened the door to a flood of electronic gimmicks, squeezed harmonies, and pinched imaginations.

Where a fuzz box, that strange collection of wires and transistors that extends guitar notes into long noodles of twisted sound, once was used as an embellishment to a good idea, it became a means of torture. Where electronic devices once were used to enhance, they became a *cause célèbre* of their own. It didn't take a poor guitarist long to learn that he could cover his lack of talent with layers of fuzz. Record companies contributed to this delinquency by snatching up and recording musicians before they had the time to develop. As a result, pop music developed a credibility gap of immense proportions.

Now the dominant trend is to the real, the believable. Music that is music and not a collection of noises. Music that rings with a renewed spirit of honesty and simplicity, plus a feel for what is basic. A few musicians are returning to the old. Jerry Lee Lewis, one of the gutsy rock greats of the mid-fifties, is back. Fats Domino has been rediscovered, Little Richard is again revered, and Muddy Waters has adopted, a little late, a fuzz box.

But the main force of what is happening is forward, not back. Musicians are reaching for the basics, and they are taking one of two paths: folk or blues. Musicians who left folk music for rock three years ago when Bob Dylan turned electric are back playing acoustic guitars. There is developing a new generation of folk singers, many of whom combine traditional folk sounds with modern lyrical ideas.

Each day there is news of another rock musician turning to the blues, that deep Black idiom that helped birth rock in the first place. Blues bands, which two years ago couldn't earn a living, now appear everywhere. New folk and new blues differ greatly in sound, but they are identical in emotional impact, believability that is musically valid.

First there is folk. In place of nasal vocals, there are deep, rich voices. In place of psychedelic lyrics *(daybreak is exploding through the caverns of my mind)* there are careful, well-chosen thoughts. Most importantly, in place of gimmick manipulators, there are musicians.

In this sense Tim Buckley and Richie Havens are the giants. Buckley has in two years become a hero among the rock élite. His two albums, *Tim Buckley* and *Goodbye and Hello,* on Elektra, are alternately soothing and frightening statements on love, loneliness, and war. His finely wrought tenor voice gently rocks in the calm passages, but becomes a soaring, piercing falsetto in the violent ones. In "Goodbye and Hello," the title song of the second album, he combines two poems to create a song of the young. In "No Man Can Find the War" he is firm, frightening, and powerful. In "I Never Asked To Be Your Mountain" he is pleading, sorrowful. Tim Buckley is forever the broadly smiling boy with, as on the cover of *Goodbye and Hello,* the Pepsi-Cola bottle cap held jokingly in front of his eye.

Richie Havens, brought up in the Bedford-Stuyvesant district in Brooklyn, spent several years singing in Greenwich Village before his powers were known. His is a deep, soft, and soulful blues voice, one that melts the listener with happy ease. He plays simple and powerful chords on an acoustic guitar, letting his voice carry a deep sincerity that few performers and almost no rock group can achieve.

Three albums on the Verve-Forecast label, *Mixed Bag, Somethin' Else Again,* and *Richard P. Havens, 1983,* show Havens's richness. As happens to many performers, a small record company, Douglas International, has released as albums a series of tapes he made four and five years ago—*Richie Havens Record* and *Electric Havens,* the latter with electric instrumentation added in 1968. If nothing else, they prove that Havens has never made a bad record. He sings Dylan's, the Beatles', and his own songs with equal compassion.

Joni Mitchell is known to those who read the fine print on the back of album covers as the girl who wrote "Michael From Mountains," popularized by Judy Collins, and "The Circle Game," popularized by Tom Rush and Ian and Sylvia. Recently, she has been established as *the* most important addition to the dule of girl singers. Her voice, firm, flexible, and joyful, rises and falls rapidly, striking a bass note then leaping tall octaves in a single bound. Her album, *Joni Mitchell,* on Reprise, is an example of happy words and soft music.

Newcomer Terry Bér, who has lived as an itinerant folk singer (an odd profession for anyone, let alone a girl), has wandered over a considerable portion of the world. When she arrives in a new town with only a little money, she spends the next several hours finding places that hire singers. Her album, *Through the Eyes of Terry Bér,* on World Pacific, contains traces of this life. Her polished voice seems to be smiling no matter what she sings. Her solid and happy songs lean toward visions of sunlit beaches and autumn leaves.

Arlo Guthrie, the son of Woody Guthrie, came to high notice through "Alice's Restaurant," a long narration with music in the manner of one of his father's best known songs, "Talking Dust

Bowl Blues." His first album, *Alice's Restaurant,* on Reprise, contains six non-narration songs, but "Alice's Restaurant," the story of a man arrested for littering and then rejected by the Army as morally unfit because of it, was clearly his best. On the second album, *Arlo,* he expanded "The Motorcycle Song," turning it into a narration about riding down a mountain road on a motorcycle while playing the guitar. The talking blues style remains.

Eric Andersen, at twenty-six, is finally beginning to prove that he is not a Dylan imitator, a stigma once attached to him because of his raspy voice and Dylanesque approach to a song. With his album *Avalanche,* on Warner Brothers, he shows himself to be New York's resident folk commentator, pessimistic and superalienated. Jerry Jeff Walker, like Arlo Guthrie, became known through one taped song that rose from the underground—"Mr. Bojangles." It was so often requested on one New York radio station that it was recorded and became a modest hit nationally.

There are more newcomers. Gordon Alexander is a romantic, but not in the old carved-picture-frame-and-lace manner. This new nostalgia is found in one of his songs—"A Bunch of Us Were Sitting Around a Candle in San Francisco Getting Stoned and I Hope You're There Next Time." He has a *good* voice, in the same way Frank Sinatra has a good voice: deep, powerful, and practised. (His album *Gordon's Buster* is on Columbia.)

ESP-Disk', usually thought of as an avant-garde jazz label, has recorded two new folk artists: Ed Askew, a Yale Art School graduate who plays a strange ukulele-like instrument called a tipple, and Tony Kelly, a street singer who played sidewalks in Europe and North Africa.

Consider the blues: Organist Al Kooper and guitarist Mike Bloomfield deserve beatification for their contributions to pop music in 1968. Together they have done much to establish the blues as the dominant force in progressive rock, and in so doing they gave pop a fresh musical purity.

Both of these men were accompanists to Bob Dylan. Both were refugees from blues groups; Kooper from the Blues Project and Bloomfield from the Butterfield Blues Band. Early last year, both started blues groups of their own. The arrival of Kooper's Blood, Sweat & Tears group stands as one of (Continued on page 178)

TIM BUCKLEY

Frail and wistful, with hair like a nest of thrusting magpies, Tim Buckley, *right,* is the found poet of new folk. A composer and singer, he plays a twelve-string "good wood" guitar, cries love, hurt, war, and truth to the New Children. Now cutting his third record, he wrote the sound track for the movie *Changes* and will travel from Spain to India composing music for a film based on Hermann Hesse's book *Journey to the East.* An instant waif with dimples, who eats raw grains, brown rice, and black bread, he believes that "anybody under twenty-one is in trouble." At twenty-one, Tim Buckley is not.

JACK ROBINSON





WIG VERSUS HAIR

Two fascinating women of hairland talk

So: Hairpieces and wigs are gloriously available. Not only that, they're above suspicion. And not only *that*. Even when they're below suspicion, nobody's going to put you in stocks because they sense you didn't just possibly grow your own. Indeed, they might even admire the lovable modesty that led you to believe that your own rather ravishing hair production might just, at certain times, benefit from implementation. . . . Here: two counterpointers, two celebrated adventurers in Hairland—Veruschka, the famous face; Alba, the famous hair artist. . . . (And, on the next pages, Marsha Hunt—and another way of looking at it: The Natural.)

VERUSCHKA *"I think I spend more time thinking about my hair than anything else. I dream to have beautiful thick hair one day. . . . Hairpieces are important in my photographic work, of course. But in my private life I seldom, if ever, use them."*

ALBA *"I was born a brunette but I realized very soon—at fifteen—that I had a blond soul, so I simply had to tint it blond. I use wigs, anyway."*

Alba and Veruschka, old friends and mutual admirers: there they are on the practicality of wigs and artifice versus the joys of naturally healthy hair. Alba's the Alba of the fabled Roman hair-styling sisters, Alba e Francesca. Daughters of a hairdresser, the sisters thrive on creating masterpieces, whisking their assistants off for ribbons, braids, chains, swatches, hairpieces. . . . And Veruschka's one of their favourite clients. . . . Listen to them again:

ALBA *"Nobody's hair can be trusted to behave after a night's sleep. . . . I recommend wearing at least one or even two small toupets all the time."*

VERUSCHKA *"People tell me, why do you worry with all the hairpieces there are nowadays, but I think there is nothing more beautiful than natural healthy hair. In the evening to come home and take off a hairpiece, to see a few dead hairs, depresses me tremendously."*

Nonetheless, put the two together—Alba and Veruschka. Give them some clothes, jewels, cosmetics, and piles of Alba's toupets. The chemistry is right. Things happen, as *opposite.*

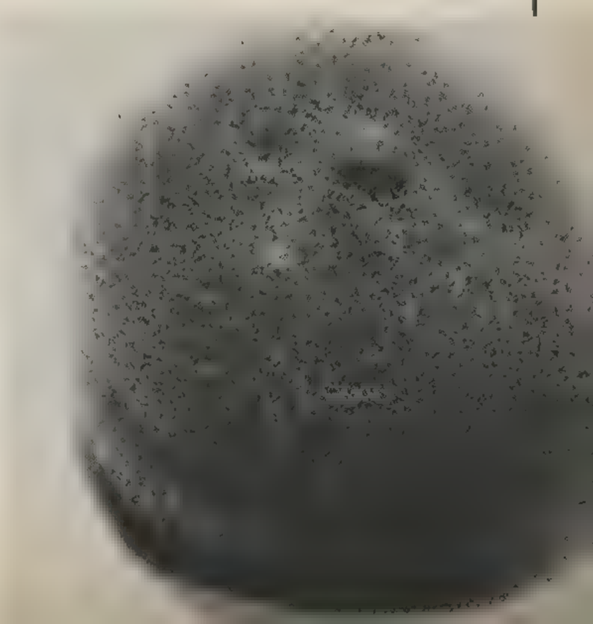
(Continued on page 173)



VERUSCHKA IN PARRUCCA

Fluid cobra hair, wrought by Alba e Francesca thus: three toupets are caught by rubber bands, fall out from back and sides. One Alba e Francesca *gabbia* lifts and holds each stream of hair. (See *gabbia*, a mesh cushion in one's own hair colour, at right.) Beauty spot on Veruschka's forehead: part of the new coquetry. . . . Makeup by Veruschka: Clairol's Muted Blue brush-on shadow; Extra-Frosted Apricot lipstick over Extra Silvery Peach. . . . Gold enchainments and rings from Van Cleef & Arpels. Jewelled coat: violet-dyed lamb by Georges Kaplan. . . . *Gabbia:* the Kenneth salon, 19 East 54th Street, N. Y. More on it, page 173.

PENN



THE NATURAL

The beat-beat-beat of Marsha Hunt, the zip of her looks, the froth of her hair

Who is Marsha Hunt?

"I was unemployed in London. Walking down Portobello Road to look into an au pair job," said Marsha Hunt. "Then I ran into a friend who told me they were casting for *Hair*." . . .

Who's The Natural, 1969? She wears many faces, many skins. She is, for one, the extraordinary Marsha Hunt.

Who is Marsha Hunt? She's the new kind of Natural who does her own thing—deliciously. She is She. And she is free. Real girl, all girl. Mover out from Philadelphia, dropper out from Berkeley. Just over twenty. She left the U.S. for London to pursue a pop singing career. "There are so many black singers in the States. I thought I'd be more of a curiosity in England." She was right, apparently. . . .

Now she's a prime target for dazzled eyes in London's lusty, gusty, gutsy, hitsy *Hair*. Marsha Hunt binds a spell in that exuberant display of writhing, jumping togetherness that is her first show. . . .

What makes The Natural?

What's that there Marsha's doing with her hair? She's Naturalized it. Let it go straight. Which means, in its case, it does its thing. Goes curly, kinky, frizzy; stands, with brushing, in a seven-inch halo. It looks like steel wool, but it's far from. It's soft as candy floss. . . . She was munching on apples when Patrick Lichfield photographed her for the pictures (right and next pages). Lichfield put an apple in her hair. It sank, as if into goose down. . . .

[Dick Williams, black actor: "For a long time I seemed to be the only guy I knew wearing a natural. Some of the black actors would look at me about eight years ago in Los Angeles, laugh, and say: 'Man, what are you doin' wearin' your hair standin' out like that for? You gonna be missin' out on all the detective rôles, all the doctor and lawyer rôles. Why don't you go on and cut it short?'" (N. Y. Times, Nov. 24, 1968).]

People stare at Marsha Hunt on London streets. She knows it. She doesn't mind. Who cares? She's She. She's free. . . . She's been called "London's prettiest golliwog." She's given a new meaning to the word for that funny-looking animated black doll, the golliwog. . . .

She moves. Constantly, effortlessly, enchantingly. Like maple syrup. So you don't notice the roundness of hip, the broadness of thigh that she accuses herself of. . . . When she was out of work, she starved herself to get thin. She lost interest, resumed eating like mad. Now that she's "fatter," as she likes to say, she's amused that she got (Continued on page 178)



PATRICK LICHFIELD



BEAUTY *bulletin*



The Natural: Marsha Hunt

How does the London *Hair* star keep this body? She doesn't, really. It just happens. She owns up to no diet or beauty habits. "Except bad ones. Like eating masses of candy and then going on crash diets."...She claims she does no exercises. But then she's in *Hair*. That's an exercise.... Speaking of *Hair*, how does she keep her spectacular dark brown mop? That just happens, too. It's wash-and-dry, no rollers. No hairdressers, no cut in over a year now. Shampoo every three days. Conditioner afterwards. Then a brush with a short, stiff natural bristle. To keep The Natural, the Afro, soaring, a brush on the up-and-up....

PATRICK LICHFIELD





Beckoning the body, seducing the skin, bright sun warmth filters down through salty sea-shimmered air to thousands of lavish green specks flung like uncut stones in the Gulf Stream's path: the Out Islands of the Bahamas, sprinkled around Nassau for some 70,000 turquoise square miles. Islands large as Andros or Great Abaco, small as Balmoral or Silver Cay. Islands with romantic, pieces-of-eight names such as Ragged, Crooked, Rum, and Shroud. Private little islands walled in by lacy spuming surf. One mote of magic in this jewelled toss is Paradise Island; just an early morning's swim from the Nassau shore, it has moments as secluded and remote as that further Eden: a place to bare the soul—or the bosom. . . . *At left,* a shirt-topped short black jump suit opened to the sun. By Van Raalte, in Caprolan nylon. About $13. Altman's. *Above:* good looks at their sleekest, with all the drenching shine of a seal the moment it slaps dry land—two slippery skeins of hair crossed over the nape and baring it beautifully.

Sun-quest–fashion for the brighter shores

16 PAGES PHOTOGRAPHED IN THE BAHAMAS BY AVEDON





Shiny as a wet seal that's just flipped onto warm Bahamian sand—black satin jeans, *above*, cut and stitched like the real denim thing and worn here with nothing more than a slick expanse of skin. By Sport Sophisticates, of Celanese acetate and rayon satin crêpe (Chardon-Marché fabric). About $50. At Bloomingdale's; Joseph Magnin. Seal-smooth stretch of black, *right*, sleeking lightly over the body—a black organza panel filtering the sun, from neck to inches past the navel. Long-sleeved maillot by Oscar de La Renta Swimwear, in nylon organza and stretch nylon. About $40. At Bloomingdale's; Jordan Marsh, Florida.

Sun-questers—the sleek black seals

AVEDON





AVEDON

Sun-questers—the white-shirt knits

Button-down-shirt sweater. *left,* knitted right down to the French cuffs you roll like any shirt sleeves. By Jaeger, in lamb's wool. $30. Miss Bergdorf of Bergdorf Goodman. Dabs of zinc ointment sun-screen cheekbones and nose. Beside a marvellous coat of tan, *above,* a polo-shirtdress sunning on a solitary Bahamian Cay—ribbing runs across, to each side of a high-goal neck. Evan-Picone; Durene cotton. $18, Miss Bergdorf of Bergdorf Goodman.

Sun-quester bikinis—wrapped in sarongs

Flower-of-India print in turquoise and deep-sea blue, *right:* bikini and billowing sarong tied to the side. By Jane Scheckter for Craig Craely, of cotton. About $25. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Gidding-Jenny; Gus Mayer; Neiman-Marcus. Will be available the end of January. High-velocity vermilion, *opposite page,* is the colour of a halter-bandeau bikini with a matching bandana and a matching sarong. A Bandura turnout of Du Pont nylon—Oscar de La Renta Swimwear. Bikini, about $35; the scarf and sarong, about $23. At Bonwit Teller; Wanamaker's, Phila.; Burdine's; Sanger-Harris.





Sun-quest in the light of white

The search for the world's most romantic bathing suit ends here, *above,* with billow-sleeved eggshell crêpe plunged to the navel and cut high on the legs. By Bill Blass for Roxanne, of Dacron (Fabrica fabric); about $10. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Gidding-Jenny; Sanger-Harris. Sunglasses by Renauld....White in the light of the Bahamian sun, the Bahamian moon, *top right:* an écru silk faille tunic that's a perfect little dress on its own, gilt-buttoned over pants. Turnout, Nina Ricci Prêt-à-Porter. About $145. Mid-January at Henri Bendel; Burdine's....The almost-bareback jump suit, *right:* white linen carved down to the waist in back and laced up—with white rope as here, or with its own gilt chain. By Jeanne Campbell for Sportwhirl; Irish Looms linen. About $45. At Saks Fifth Avenue: G. Fox; Sakowitz; Nordstrom; Best. On both these pages: Richelieu earrings.



AVEDON


AVEDON

Sun-questers wrap up

Ah, the bliss of a cashmere robe all the way to the ankles, *left*—deep navy blue wrapped and sashed over a long-sleeved white shirt and wide white Moygashel linen pants. Robe by Hadley, $110; Henri Bendel. Pants by Frank Smith for Saks Fifth Avenue, about $10. Ship 'n Shore shirt. The polka-dot pants suit for covering a bikini, *this page*—relaxed little wrap-and-tie tunic-coat and pants in red-dotted white cotton batiste with mini dots around all the edges. By Mic Mac. About $30. Bloomingdale's.

Sun-quest in knit shirts, white pants

The happy castaways—looking trim, salty, and shipshape in knitted cotton shirts, white pants, smashing belts. Here, on the coral sands, water-laced reefs of Great Exuma, the Bahamas: remote, delicious....Offhand little knit shirt, *this page*, of navy-blue ribbed Durene cotton. Straight pants of white Moygashel linen. Both by Frank Smith for Saks Fifth Avenue. Knit shirt about $13; pants about $10. Hermès webbing-and-leather belt. Navy-and-white stripes, *opposite*, on a cotton knit T-shirt. By Country Shirt: about $8. Best & Co. White cotton duck pants by Jax, about $15. Belt by Elegant, at Best & Co. On both pages: white Shetland wool pullover—famous, eternal—from Brooks Brothers.

AVEDON





Sun-quest–white jersey shepherdess

Bo-Peep at the seashore, *left:* a dress of devastating innocence, in clingy white jersey...sleeves demurely ruffled, neckline hollowed in a deep U....Pow. Rayon matte jersey; junior sizes. About $42. Lison Bonfils for Paraphernalia....The sleekest shirtdress, *right:* black satin, long-sleeved; textured collar, sashy belt. By Junior Sophisticates, in satin crêpe of Celanese acetate and rayon (Chardon-Marché fabric). About $90. At Bonwit Teller; Julius Garfinckel; Sanger-Harris; I. Magnin. Glen Raven tights. Evelyn Schless shoes: Lord & Taylor. Both pages: Richelieu earrings.

black satin shirtdress





Sun-quest to the sea in tiers and layers of white

Sea-going camisole, *far left*...guileless, enchanting; two layers of white ribbed jersey floating from a rosebud-trimmed top, held up by rosebud straps. Under it, little matching bloomers. Sandcastle bathing suit in Arnel jersey (Folker fabric). About $30. At Bloomingdale's; Filene's; Bamberger's; Sakowitz; I. Magnin. Two tiers of white, *right:* one tier falling lightly over the bosom and one skirting around the hips...just clearing the bikini pants. Bathing suit by Catalina, in textured Dacron; about $28. Altman's; Burdine's; Stix, Baer & Fuller; Bullock's, Downtown.

AVEDON



Sun-quest to the sea in Greek-girl white

White crêpe, *left*, white as a bleached shell—falling in petals from a high, wrapped bodice, worn over a black stretch body suit (not shown). Bikini pants added. A Bandura coverup of Du Pont nylon (Beaunit fabric). By Elisabeth Stewart. Coverup about $30, at Bloomingdale's; I. Magnin. Charioteer's tunic, *above:* the bodice high and crisscrossed, skirt a torrent of pleats. In sleek white Arnel and nylon. By Rose Marie Reid; fabric by Philip Wick. About $30. At Bloomingdale's; Burdine's; Higbee's. A little pleated mantle, *right*, like a shortened Greek chiton—all white, all pleats; falling free from the shoulders, fluttering in the breeze. Under it, a nude maillot of stretch nylon. By Cole of California. in polyester crêpe; about $38. Saks Fifth Avenue; G. Fox; Higbee's; Sanger-Harris.

AVEDON



Sun-questers take cover

See-through jump suit, *left*, white nylon holed out just like fishnet and laced all the way up the front. Ginori jump suit. Du Pont nylon (Jonabet fabric). About $70. At Bloomingdale's; Jordan Marsh, Florida; L.S. Ayres; Joseph Magnin. Hop-zip-jump, *above left*—white duck jump, zipped and snug as a wet-suit. By Günter for Project II; Avril and cotton. About $45. At Saks Fifth Avenue. Nina shoes. Brass rings white, *right*—big gleams of metal on a wide white cotton top, perfect bathing suit cover. By Ken Scott. About $70. Lord & Taylor. Take cover under a big rolling straw, *below*—and take off in a little black shirt plus a wheat linen mini-jupe tabbed in front and linked with thin chains. Turnout by Nan Herzlinger for Mallory, of Moygashel linen. Shirt and skirt, each about $26. Lord & Taylor; Hudson's. Adolfo hat at Saks Fifth Avenue. Chunky brown sandals by Albion for Nina. Alan of Kenneth coiffures here and preceding twenty pages.



AVEDON



THE YOUNG LIFE A LOFT

PETER REGINATO, A SCULPTOR, AND HIS WIFE LIVE IN A BRIGHT SNAP OF HIS BIG-BARN STUDIO AT THE TOP OF A NEW YORK WAREHOUSE

High in a seedy warehouse on a street glutted with bales and trucks Peter Reginato shaped a neat, workmanly studio for his exuberant fibre-glass sculptures. From this studio he quartered a living space within working space, stripped, bright, without redundancies. Here he lives with his withy, pretty wife, almost no furniture, considerable art, and continuous music. The Reginatos, who moved from California to New York less than two years ago, are resourceful and gallant: With little money (mostly from part-time jobs, mostly spent on his art materials) and a good deal of dash (she dresses in romantic old clothes), they have pulled light, order, and style out of wilderness.

Left, above: Sue Ann Reginato on the bedroom sleeping platform over storage space. Above her, a silvery sculpture by her husband; *below:* in the studio, a Reginato sculpture, "Strong Brew." *This page, left:* Peter Reginato in his studio with sculpture and sketches. In the living room, *top right,* a coffee table painted in polyester resin, and an alcove arranged with works by Reginato. *Right:* Sue Ann, wearing vintage purple velvet, between her husband's sculpture "I'm so Glad" and a painting by Dan Christiansen. In the background are Peter and the room's sum of furniture: a sitting bed, a table, office chairs.

HORST

VOGUE'S OWN BOUTIQUE

OF SUGGESTIONS, FINDS, AND OBSERVATIONS

Paris: Caste marks. Carmine dots painted on the foreheads of both sexes dancing at Chez Castel and Régine's . . . a scarlet circle the only spot of colour on the pale skin of a girl in black velvet pants, sheer black shirt, black hair. . . .

***London: the Chelsea Antique Market** on the King's Road. That's where everyone heads to find clothes of another era—beautiful old decorate-the-piano shawls, to keep an eye on buckle and bijoux stalls —full of once used filigree buckles, silver belts, brooches—pretty, antique, curious, perhaps beautiful . . . to find something to help make up the "bits and pieces" look of today's fashion. . . .*

New York: $6 for a pair of pants. All kinds of fabric—all with wide cut bottoms. Great fit for either sex. Just have patience to dig out the ones that fit you from the piles of stock. Nice friendly atmosphere; little musty smell, little incense, loud rock music; young, bearded, long-haired salesman, friendly. . . . The Conspiracy, 717 Lexington Ave., upstairs. . . .

New York: "Everyone's wearing pants in the city." Now coming in for resort and summer, *new chopped pants*, cut as meticulously as long ones but chopped off high, high on the thigh. In cotton knit, hip slung. $7 at Sportique Unltd., 816 Madison Ave. . . . In silk shantung glowing colours. Bias cut. By Jon Haggins. $35. S'fari Room, Bonwit Teller. Great on girls with great legs. . . .

New York: Chopped pants for men. Seen last summer on Fire Island. One of the most stylish of the setters wearing his Cardin grey flannels chopped off short shorts level. With them, knee socks, jersey polo shirt, Shetland sweater over the shoulders. . . . The point of cutting up a good pair of Cardin pants—a better line, a better fit, than most men's shorts. . . . Watch for chopped pants for men this summer. . . .

Paris: Girls are wearing pants, pants, pants. . . . The Saint Laurent boutique can't keep them in stock. . . . The Miss Dior heavy jersey belted pants suit is all over town in black, brown, or grey. . . .

***Everywhere: Pants moving up** on the waist—away from the hipbone toward the real waistline. . . . Check it out on pants suits in Saint Laurent Rive Gauche boutiques anywhere. . . .*

JACK ROBINSON

Keep your 1969 eye on . . .



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More skin. Everybody seems to want to show more. Will they all go as far as the little lady here? Perhaps not. But, you will notice, even *she* keeps on her bits and pieces picked up at the boutiques. . . .

Veilings. Louise de la Falaise can smoke right through hers. No need to disturb the allure of a veiled visage, a most romantic look for a 1969 heroine . . . (Louise found her length of veiling at Macy's). . . .





Men's stuff. It's still one of the best ways to give yourself a costume that's sassy snappy. . . . Chris Calloway gets a lot of her everyday costumery at "my favourite boutique," The Different Drummer—Chris's asparagus-green pinstriped shirt, $24. Antique ribbon bow tie, $4. One-of-a-kind antique velvet weskit, $25. Russet feather belt, $6.50. The Different Drummer, 792 Lexington Ave. . . .



Rainbows. "You have to get away from everything ugly. Think what a rainbow does visually. Mentally. That's what everyone should have for 1969 . . . pots of gold at the end and everything in rainbow colours. . . ." It's Mary Russell talking and she means it—leaping ahead in her flowerstalk green velvet skirt, $12, at the velvet shop, 108 McDougall St., bright pink tights, creamy satin shirt, Saint Laurent hat, and black monkey fur weskit from Ridge Antique Furs, 33 West 8th St. . . .

Health. 1969 is going to be the Caterine Milinaire year of proper food, proper rest, proper living, and proper *exercise!* But you have to *look* proper for all these things, so Caterine's had this special jogging suit of navy and white jersey designed by Guy Paulin. $42 at Paraphernalia, 795 Madison Avenue. . . . It's perfectly proper for Madison Avenue. . . .

More on next page

VOGUE'S OWN BOUTIQUE *Continued*

This is the year to grab your hat and–

1. Think about things. Paul McGregor does in his battered saffron felt buckeroo nailed with a feather. $5 at Limbo, 4 St. Marks Place. . . . **2. Shoulder it.** It's great to wear a hat in the city, even if it ends up riding the way Joel Schumacher's black felt bullion-embroidered Mexican sombrero does. $55, Fred Leighton, 177 McDougall Street. . . . **3. Shoot.** The Earl of Lichfield and Robin Butler go after the pheasant, wearing the olive-green furry velour fedoras they both get at Herbert Johnson, Ltd., 38 New Bond Street, London. . . . **4. Look beautiful.** Janet Lyle can't help it. She just *is* beautiful. But it's enhanced by the swoopy brimmed black velvet hat she sells in her boutique, $30, Annacat, 924 Madison Avenue. . . .



1



2

JACK ROBINSON



3



BERRY BERENSON

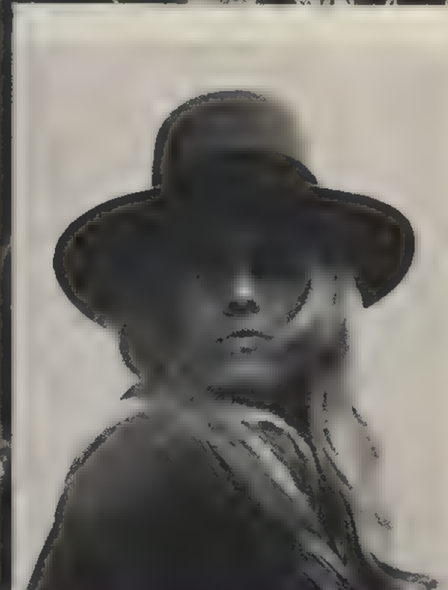
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DONOVAN

HOGENBOOM



5



6

5. Share the antique. Maurice Hogenboom and Caterine Milinaire take turns wearing the circa 1890 straw lid they found in an English antique shop. . . . **6. Start anew.** "I haven't worn a hat in years . . . but now . . ." Jane Holzer's new hat life started when she found this black-banded scarlet felt of Herbert Johnson's at Jackie Rogers Ltd., 27 East 67th St. And, if Jane's wearing hats, you all *know that 1969 is a hat year*. . . .

Throw it together.

A mishmash of patterns. lots of fabrics, different things—dressing like a gypsy—that's the way Penelope Tree wants to be. Here she comes in a frosty white cotton frilled lacy shirt from Annacat, 924 Madison Ave.; under a fringed black velvet waistcoat found in Capri; over sultan's bloomers of black silk embroidered in white. From Thea Porter, 8 Greek St., London, W.1; ending up in clunky white patent sandals. Designed by Roger Vivier from H. & M. Rayne Ltd., Old Bond Street, London W.1. . . .

PATRICK LICHFIELD



It's velvet

Now you must have something velvet in 1969—especially a pair of jeans in ruby, or emerald, or church purple, hmmm! Richard's Sporting Goods, 233 West 42nd St. has them. . . . Jeans imported from Europe all colours. $40. Veneziano, 819 Madison Ave. . . . And don't forget your panne velvet mini-dirndls for $12; the velvet shop, 108 McDougall Street. . . .



JACK ROBINSON

Be calm. For when panic begins to set in, remember this scene. It's entitled "Bibi and her Beasts." And imagine Bibi Winkelhorn managing to look contemplative and at peace, surrounded by the Persians Zeako and Juno, the Pekes, Daisy and Chiquita, swaddled in yards of delicious printed silk, and wearing her favourite—if weighty—headband of beaten silver baubles. Bibi did all of this because she wants you to know she believes in brow bands like this. $114 from Sona The Golden One, 11 E. 55th Street. And because she believes in the scrumptious print fabrics at Hannett, Morrow, and Fischer's little boutique at 172 East 61st Street. And, of course, she believes in Persians and Pekingese. . . .



STEPHEN PALEY

"Put anything together—it works because it's what's happening everywhere." Cecily Tyson acts out what she says, wearing a white chicken feather coat from Bonwit Teller over white silk crêpe trousers, a Saint Laurent scarf around her Afro. Above, actress Cecily with Arthur Mitchell and Aretha Franklin. . . .

Far East

Into every nook and cranny over that way as far as one can go, is where we find some of the most fascinating fabrics today . . . the silks, the mulls, the gossamer saris, the sarongs, the cottons, the hemps—the bold or the sometimes mysterious, patterns of prints, the embroideries—the colourings that zing with ink from India, Thailand, or are clouded, singed with the essence of umber from Bangkok, from Guiana, Java. . . . It's a whole new world of fabric to play with for 1969. . . . A lot of avant-garde people are playing with it now. . . . Decorators like Billy Baldwin, Sister Parrish, Mac II, are using Indian silks, and Bangkok sarongs for curtains, tablecloths, pillows, slipcovers. . . . All this Far East is as near as Madison Avenue, one flight up. Far Eastern is the boutique in which to find it. 171 Madison Avenue. . . .

More on next page



BERRY BERENSON

Bring out the gypsy, the peasant, the nomad, the whatever, romantic in you. . . . Be like Hilary Roche and try a couple of Pakistanian print cotton skirts; a peasant-cut chemise of delicious pink chiffon; an Egyptian necklace of silver amulets and chains; a velvet cloche layered with gold bullion embroidery—and you're ready for the street, for a dance, for an afternoon frolic. . . . Skirts, $25 apiece. Chemise, $35. Necklace, $70. Cloche, $15. All from the boutique where lots of fabulous girls go, Knobkerry, 26 St. Marks Place. . . .

"It's sexy." That's what Pam Zauderer says. And what Pamela says, we do not dispute. Here's Pam in the window, in her black satin shimmy-and-shake dress, her slippery, slithery, wrap-it-around-me shawl of flower-printed Bandura dripping with white silk fringe. Hurry on to 1969! $36, dress. $28, shawl. Designed by Guy Paulin for Paraphernalia, 659 Lexington Avenue. . . .



VOGUE'S OWN BOUTIQUE *Continued*



FRANCO RUBARTELLI

It's the best cut leg—one of the best on a pair of pants today. Look how lean, straight as a tree trunk, the way the back dips to the heel, the front clears the instep. . . . These tweed pants were made to order for Veruschka's long limbs by the well-known sports boutique Erés, 2 rue Tronchet, Paris. . . .



New Delhi (above): From a boutique owned by the younger son of the Maharaja of Kapurthala—a ravishing cape of real peacock feathers caught with a Tibetan silver chain. Psychedelhi, Oberoi Intercontinental, Wellesely Road, New Delhi, India. It's worth the trip. . . .

New York (below): By way of Italy—the best new sandal—best because it clasps the ankle, its dimensions, details are *pagan*. . . . Comes in beautiful colours of kid, i.e., cobalt blue, brass studs. $75, Aliata, 665 Madison Avenue. . . .



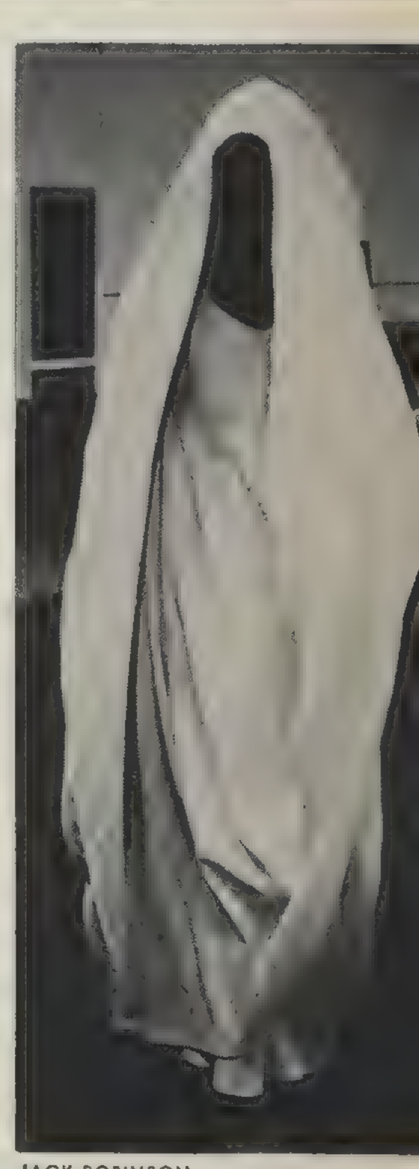
FRANKEL



RASTELLI

Rome (above): Givenchy's there now too—he's opened a boutique on a corner of Via Borgognona, filled with those incomparable Givenchy's like the navy gabardine cape and skirt Nicoletta Machiavelli's got on. . . .

Sardinia (right): Kathleen Greenman designs for Peter Kent's Pedro's boutique in Sardinia. Extraordinary clothes. Using native materials, Moroccan influences. Some of the "Pedro's" clothes will be available in New York at the Inside Outlet boutique, 956½ Lexington Ave. . . .



JACK ROBINSON

Here comes Arthur Brown

—and his Crazy World (right) riproaring all over the stage, the theatre, breathing fire, pouring out noise, casting spells, screaming, pleading, creating an unholy racket—wrecking the place—in Hartford, in Portland, in Vancouver, at the Fillmore East. . . . A sensation in England—Arthur Brown and his crazy world gives a "grand guignol" air to rock. It's a great act. Now they've arrived in America to stir things up along with the release here of their Atlantic album *The Crazy World of Arthur Brown*. . . .



Energies

(Continued from page 129)

darkness, disciplined them and cheered them, and brought them out alive. Hardly any of them could see or speak or walk when brought into the day. Five days later, a different type of vital endurance was unexpectedly unburied in the person of one Berton who, isolated from any but dead companions, had been able to sleep away most of his time.

A new position of responsibility will usually show a man to be a far stronger creature than was supposed. Cromwell's and Grant's careers are the stock examples of how war will wake a man up. I owe to Professor C. E. Norton, my colleague, the permission to print part of a private letter from Colonel Baird-Smith written shortly after the six weeks' siege of Delhi, in 1857, for the victorious issue of which that excellent officer was chiefly to be thanked. He writes:

". . . My poor wife had some reason to think that war and disease between them had left very little of a husband to take under nursing when she got him again. An attack of camp-scurvy had filled my mouth with sores, shaken every joint in my body, and covered me all over with sores and livid spots, so that I was marvellously unlovely to look upon. A smart knock on the ankle-joint from the splinter of a shell that burst in my face, in itself a mere *bagatelle* of a wound, had been of necessity neglected under the pressing and incessant calls upon me, and had grown worse and worse until the whole foot below the ankle became a black mass and seemed to threaten mortification. I insisted, however, on being allowed to use it till the place was taken, mortification or no; and though the pain was sometimes horrible, I carried my point and kept up to the last. On the day after the assault I had an unlucky fall on some bad ground, and it was an open question for a day or two whether I hadn't broken my arm at the elbow. Fortunately it turned out to be only a severe sprain, but I am still conscious of the wrench it gave me. To crown the whole pleasant catalogue, I was worn to a shadow by a constant diarrhoea, and consumed as much opium as would have done credit to my father-in-law (Thomas De Quincey). However, thank God, I have a good share of Tapleyism in me and come out strong under difficulties. I think I may confidently say that no man ever saw me out of heart, or ever heard one croaking word from me even when our prospects were gloomiest. We were sadly scourged by the cholera, and it was almost appalling to me to find that out of twenty-seven officers present, I could only muster fifteen for the operations of the attack. However, it was done, and after it was done came the collapse. Don't be horrified when I tell you that for the whole of the actual siege, and in truth for some little time before, I almost lived on brandy. Appetite for food I had none, but I forced myself to eat just sufficient to sustain life, and I had an incessant craving for brandy as the strongest stimulant I could get. Strange to say, I was quite unconscious of its affecting me in the slightest degree. *The excitement of the work was so great that no lesser one seemed to have any chance against it, and I certainly never found my intellect clearer or my nerves stronger in my life.* It was only my wretched body that was weak, and the moment the real work was done by our becoming complete masters of Delhi, I broke down without delay and discovered that if I wished to live I must continue no longer the system that had kept me up until the crisis was passed. With it passed away as if in a moment all desire to stimulate, and a perfect loathing of my late staff of life took possession of me."

Such experiences show how profound is the alteration in the manner in which, under excitement, our organism will sometimes perform its physiological work. The processes of repair become different when the reserves have to be used, and for weeks and months the deeper use may go on.

Morbid cases, here as elsewhere, lay the normal machinery

(Continued on page 168)

what's new about you?



Another year has just added itself to the way you look, as years have a way of doing. Like to try something *new*—for a change?

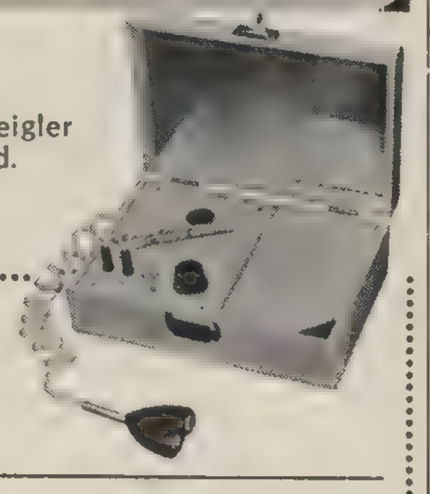
Until Zeigler facial care, there wasn't much you could actually do about certain age-signs, except bear them. Or try to cover them. (We're talking about the *real* age signs of fine lines, fine wrinkles, and sagging facial contours.) Then Zeigler care was developed, oh-so-carefully with medical supervision.

Now, thousands and thousands of women look younger (your competition too?)—thanks to Zeigler. Zeigler is safe care, pleasant, produced by an ethical firm. We have clinical evidence *it really works*. Photographic evidence, too, in these unretouched photos where weight loss was *not* a factor:



from this . . . to this

Make this *your* "Zeigler year" and see for yourself what we can do for you! Special offer lets you *use* Zeigler care for *30 full days* with return privilege guaranteed. Offer limited, by mail only. *Write today for free literature and full details:*



Zeigler facial care
17810 S. Western Ave., Dept. V19
Gardena, Calif. 90247

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Energies

(Continued from page 167)

bare. In the first number of Dr. Morton Prince's *Journal of Abnormal Psychology*, Dr. Janet has discussed five cases of morbid impulse, with an explanation that is precious for my present point of view. One is a girl who eats, eats, eats, all day. Another walks, walks, walks, and gets her food from an automobile that escorts her. Another is a dipsomaniac. A fourth pulls out her hair. A fifth wounds her flesh and burns her skin. Hitherto such freaks of impulse have received Greek names (as bulimia, dromomania, et cetera) and been scientifically disposed of as "episodic syndromata of hereditary degeneration." But it turns out that Janet's cases are all what he calls psychasthenics, or victims of a chronic sense of weakness, torpor, lethargy, fatigue, insufficiency, impossibility, unreality, and powerlessness of will; and that in each and all of them the particular activity pursued, deleterious though it be, has the temporary result of raising the sense of vitality and making the patient feel alive again. These things re-animate: They would re-animate *us*, but it happens that in each patient the particular freak activity chosen is the only thing that does re-animate; and therein lies the morbid state. The way to treat such persons is to discover to them more usual and useful ways of throwing their stores of vital energy into gear. Colonel Baird-Smith, needing to draw on extraordinary stores of energy, found that brandy and opium were ways of throwing them into gear.

Such cases are humanly typical. We are all to some degree oppressed, unfree. We don't come to our own. It is there, but we don't get at it. The threshold must be made to shift. Then many of us find that an eccentric activity—a "spree," say—relieves. There is no doubt that to some men excesses of almost any kind are medicinal, temporarily at any rate, in spite of what the moralists and doctors say.

But when the normal tasks and stimulations of life don't put a man's deeper levels of energy on tap, and he requires distinctly deleterious excitements, his constitution verges on the abnormal. The normal opener of deeper and deeper levels of energy is the will. The difficulty is to use it, to make the effort which the word volition implies. But if we *do* make it (or if a god, though he were only the god Chance, makes it through us), it will act dynamogenically on us for a month. It is notorious that a single successful effort of moral volition, such as saying "no" to some habitual temptation, or performing some courageous act, will launch a man on a higher level of energy for days and weeks, will give him a new range of power. "In the act of uncorking a whiskey bottle which I had brought home to get drunk upon," said a man to me, "I suddenly found myself running out into the garden, where I smashed it on the ground. I felt so happy and uplifted after this act, that for two months I wasn't tempted to touch a drop."

The emotions and excitements due to usual situations are the usual inciters of the will. But these act discontinuously; and in the intervals the shallower levels of life tend to close in and shut us off. Accordingly the best practical knowers of the human soul have invented the thing known as methodical ascetic discipline to keep the deeper levels constantly in reach. Beginning with easy tasks, passing to harder ones, and exercising day by day, it is, I believe, admitted that disciples of asceticism can reach very high levels of freedom and power of will.

Ignatius Loyola's spiritual exercises must have produced this result in innumerable devotees. But the most venerable ascetic system, and the one whose results have the most voluminous experimental corroboration, is undoubtedly the Yoga system in Hindustan. From time immemorial, by Hatha Yoga, Raja Yoga, Karma Yoga, or whatever code of practice it might be, Hindu aspirants to perfection have trained themselves, month in and out, for years. The result claimed, and certainly in many cases accorded by impartial judges, is strength of character, personal power, unshakability of soul. In an article in the *Philosophical Review*, from which I am largely copying here, I have quoted at great length the experience with Hatha Yoga of a very gifted European friend of mine who, by persistently carrying out for several months its methods of fasting from food and sleep, its exercises in breathing and thought-concentration, and its fantastic posture-gymnastics, seems to have succeeded in waking up deeper and deeper levels of will and moral and intellectual power in himself, and to have escaped from a decidedly menacing brain-condition of the "circular" type, from which he had suffered for years.

Judging by my friend's letters, of which the last I have is written fourteen months after the Yoga training began, there can be no doubt of his relative regeneration. He has undergone material trials with indifference, travelled third-class on Mediterranean steamers, and fourth-class on African trains, living with the poorest Arabs and sharing their unaccustomed food, all with equanimity. His devotion to certain interests has been put to heavy strain and nothing is more remarkable to me than the changed moral tone with which he reports the situation. A profound modification has unquestionably occurred in the running of his mental machinery. The gearing has changed, and his will is available otherwise than it was.

My friend is a man of very peculiar temperament. Few of us would have had the will to start upon the Yoga training, which, once started, seemed to conjure the further willpower needed out of itself. And not all of those who could launch themselves would have reached the same results. The Hindus themselves admit that in some men the results may come without call or bell. My friend writes to me: "You are quite right in thinking that religious crises, love-crises, indignation-crises may awaken in a very short time powers similar to those reached by years of patient Yoga-practice."

Probably most medical men would treat this individual's case as one of what it is fashionable now to call by the name of "self-suggestion," or "expectant attention"—as if those phrases were explanatory, or meant more than the fact that certain men can be influenced, while others can not be influenced, by certain sorts of ideas. This leads me to say a word about ideas considered as dynamogenic agents, or stimuli for unlocking what would otherwise be unused reservoirs of individual power.

One thing that ideas do is to contradict other ideas and keep us from believing them. An idea that thus negates a first idea may itself in turn be negated by a third idea, and the first idea may thus regain its natural influence over our belief and determine our behaviour. Our philosophic and religious development proceeds thus by credulities, negations, and the negating of negations. But whether for arousing or for stopping belief, ideas may fail to be efficacious, just as a wire at one time alive with electricity may at another time be dead. Here our insight into causes fails us, and we can only note results in general terms. In general, whether a given idea shall be a live idea depends more on the person into whose mind it is injected than on the idea itself. Which is the suggestive idea for this person, and which for that one? Mr. Fletcher's disciples regenerate themselves by the idea (and the fact) that they are chewing, and re-chewing, and super-chewing their food. Dr. Dewey's pupils regenerate themselves by going without their breakfast—a fact, but also an ascetic idea. Not every one can use these ideas with the same success.

But apart from such individually varying susceptibilities, there are common lines along which men simply as men tend to be inflammable by ideas. As certain objects naturally awaken love, anger, or cupidity, so certain ideas naturally awaken the energies of loyalty, courage, endurance, or devotion. When these ideas are effective in an individual's life, their effect is

(Continued on page 170)

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Energies

(Continued from page 168)

often very great indeed. They may transfigure it, unlocking innumerable powers which, but for the idea, would never have come into play. "Fatherland," "the Flag," "the Union," "Holy Church," "the Monroe Doctrine," "Truth," "Science," "Liberty," Garibaldi's phrase, "Rome or Death," et cetera, are so many examples of energy-releasing ideas. The social nature of such phrases is an essential factor of their dynamic power. They are forces of detent in situations in which no other force produces equivalent effects, and each is a force of detent only in a specific group of men.

The memory that an oath or vow has been made will nerve one to abstinences and efforts otherwise impossible; witness the "pledge" in the history of the temperance movement. A mere promise to his sweetheart will clean up a youth's life all over—at any rate for a time. For such effects an educated susceptibility is required. The idea of one's "honour," for example, unlocks energy only in those of us who have had the education of a "gentleman," so called.

That delightful being, Prince Pueckler-Muskau, writes to his wife from England that he has invented "a sort of artificial resolution respecting things that are difficult of performance. My device," he continues, "is this: *I give my word of honour most solemnly to myself* to do or to leave undone this or that. I am of course extremely cautious in the use of this expedient, but when once the word is given, even though I afterwards think I have been precipitate or mistaken, I hold it to be perfectly irrevocable, whatever inconveniences I foresee likely to result. If I were capable of breaking my word after such mature consideration, I should lose all respect for myself—and what man of sense would not prefer death to such an alternative? . . . When the mysterious formula is pronounced, no alteration in my own view, nothing short of physical impossibilities, must, for the welfare of my soul, alter my will . . . I find something very satisfactory in the thought that man has the power of framing such props and weapons out of the most trivial materials, indeed out of nothing, merely by the force of his will, which thereby truly deserves the name of omnipotent."

Conversions, whether they be political, scientific, philosophic, or religious, form another way in which bound energies are let loose. They unify us, and put a stop to ancient mental interferences. The result is freedom, and often a great enlargement of power. A belief that thus settles upon an individual always acts as a challenge to his will. But, for the particular challenge to operate, he must be the right challen*gee*. In religious conversions we have so fine an adjustment that the idea may be in the mind of the challengee for years before it exerts its effects; and why it should do so then is often so far from obvious that the event is taken for a miracle of grace, and not a natural occurrence. Whatever it is, it may be a high-water mark of energy, in which "noes," once impossible, are easy, and in which a new range of "yeses" gains the right of way.

We are just now witnessing a very copious unlocking of energies by ideas in the persons of those converts to "New Thought," "Christian Science," "Metaphysical Healing," or other forms of spiritual philosophy, who are so numerous among us today. The ideas here are healthy-minded and optimistic; and it is quite obvious that a wave of religious activity, analogous in some respects to the spread of early Christianity, Buddhism, and Mohammedanism, is passing over our American world. The common feature of these optimistic faiths is that they all tend to the suppression of what Mr. Horace Fletcher calls "fearthought." Fearthought he defines as the "self-suggestion of inferiority"; so that one may say that these systems all operate by the suggestion of power. And the power, small or great, comes in various shapes to the individual—power, as he will tell you, not to "mind" things that used to vex him, power to concentrate his mind, good cheer, good temper—in short, to put it mildly, a firmer, more elastic moral tone.

The most genuinely saintly person I have ever known is a friend of mine now suffering from cancer of the breast—I hope that she may pardon my citing her here as an example of what ideas can do. Her ideas have kept her a practically well woman for months after she should have given up and gone to bed. They have annulled all pain and weakness and given her a cheerful active life, unusually beneficent to others to whom she has afforded help. Her doctors, acquiescing in results they could not understand, have had the sense to let her go her own way.

How far the mind-cure movement is destined to extend its influence, or what intellectual modifications it may yet undergo, no one can foretell. It is essentially a religious movement, and to academically nurtured minds its utterances are tasteless and often grotesque enough. It also incurs the natural enmity of medical politicians, and that of the whole trades-union wing of that profession. But no unprejudiced observer can fail to recognize its importance as a social phenomenon today, and the higher medical minds are already trying to interpret it fairly, and make its power available for their own therapeutic ends.

Dr. Thomas Hyslop, of the great West Riding Asylum in England, said last year to the British Medical Association that the best sleep-producing agent which his practice had revealed to him was *prayer*. I say this, he added (I am sorry here that I must quote from memory), purely as a medical man. The exercise of prayer, in those who habitually exert it, must be regarded by us doctors as the most adequate and normal of all the pacifiers of the mind and calmers of the nerves.

But in few of us are functions not tied up by the exercise of other functions. Relatively few medical men and scientific men, I fancy, can pray. Few can carry on any living commerce with "God." Yet many of us are well aware of how much freer and abler our lives would be, were such important forms of energizing not sealed up by the critical atmosphere in which we have been reared. There are in every one potential forms of activity that actually are shunted out from use. Part of the imperfect vitality under which we labour can thus be easily explained. One part of our mind dams up—even *damns* up!—the other parts.

Conscience makes cowards of us all. Social conventions prevent us from telling the truth after the fashion of the heroes and heroines of Bernard Shaw. We all know persons who are models of excellence, but who belong to the extreme Philistine type of mind. So deadly is their intellectual respectability that we can't converse about certain subjects at all, can't let our minds play over them, can't even mention them in their presence. I have numbered among my dear friends persons thus inhibited intellectually, with whom I would gladly have been able to talk freely about certain interests of mine, certain authors, say, as Bernard Shaw, Chesterton, Edward Carpenter, H. G. Wells, but it wouldn't do, it made them too uncomfortable, they wouldn't play, I had to be silent. An intellect thus tied down by literality and decorum makes on one the same sort of an impression that an able-bodied man would who should habituate himself to do his work with only one of his fingers, locking up the rest of his organism and leaving it unused.

I trust that by this time I have said enough to convince the reader both of the truth and of the importance of my thesis. The two questions, first, that of the possible extent of our powers; and, second, that of the various avenues of approach to them, the various keys for unlocking them in diverse individuals, dominate the whole problem of individual and national education. We need a topography of the limits of human power, similar to the chart which oculists use of the field of human vision. We need also a study of the various types of human being with reference to the different ways in which their energy reserves may be appealed to and set loose. Biographies and individual experiences of every kind may be drawn upon for evidence here.

Alec McCowen

(Continued from page 124)

Dorothy Bromiley: "When Alec comes to lunch you always save the blood from the roast."

McCowen is one of the few actors about whom nobody will say a harsh word. You will hear first that as a performer he is enormously professional and very generous. Peter Dews, who directed *Hadrian the Seventh*, described how McCowen insisted on breaking up his long defense before the Vatican cardinals: "He knows how miserable it is for all those boys standing around, so he turned what was written as a monologue into a series of effective duologues."

McCowen has a great sense of comedy and of comic timing, tested in his many successes playing neurotic boys, witty lovers, and clowns. Paul Scofield explained: "His technique of buffoonery in *The Comedy of Errors* was elegant, inventive, effervescent, streaked with a very invigorating coarseness."

There is also about McCowen a kind of suppressed hysteria, and this, along with other personal idiosyncrasies, he puts to good use. Like so many celebrated actors', his voice is not ideal, a light tenor which he has learned to use economically, enunciating in a slightly clipped fashion. But he can unleash great power when necessary, such as in his defense in *Hadrian* of his past life. After so many years in repertory and in the big theatrical companies, McCowen's technique is extraordinary, "every detail worked out," said Judi Dench.

McCowen's ability to deliver verse is in the English tradition, but unlike a good many English actors, he doesn't signal with a kind of little laugh in the voice that he doesn't mean a word he is saying. Paul Scofield described his Fool's rapport with Lear as "most subtly come by. He never demanded a relationship."

McCowen has said that actors he most admires (high on the list is Jack Benny) have a sort of contempt about them. And he is, himself, effectively stingy with his emotions on stage. Irene Worth pointed out that "like all sensitive actors he is a bit frightened of profound emotions, which are draining and too revealing." Some critics even suggest that this reticence will limit the parts he can play. His passion is to play comedy, "to wear a lot of dressing gowns."

"I love Variety, and Hadrian is the next best thing. I don't think of him as a spiritual man. His ambition might well have been for politics or the theatre —which is why he appeals to me. I find the religious side rather by the way. I play it as if it were the theatrical world I've been trying to break into for years. I didn't approach the part with an overall view, but I considered what Hadrian wanted to achieve. I work scene by scene, line by line, and by the time I reach the performance, I don't know what the character is like and it gets described to me—just as in real life I have no idea of my own personality.

"I think I failed in *The Representative* as the Jesuit priest because I was too emotionally involved, too much in awe of the Pope. Here, I have to be careful not to become too bullying, too fascist, lest I lose the sympathy of the audience. The other danger is being too funny. I have a reminder in greasepaint on my dressing-room mirror, DBF (Don't Be Funny). But I don't think it could work as a performance unless the audience believes I could be Pope."

In Frederick Rolfe's original novel, McCowen explained, "Hadrian is such a pussy, you couldn't take it." He and Dews discussed how to handle the homosexuality—much less evident in the adaptation than in the original—and decided to suggest rather than underline it. Peter Dews said: "The scene with Hadrian and the young ecclesiastical student, George Arthur Rose, is clearly a pick-up. You have to accept that, but I directed it as a love scene."

Dews, a jovial man, fought for three years to have *Hadrian* performed. Its author, Peter Luke, had been pushing for its performance for as long as nine years. A television story editor and producer, he now lives in Spain in a fifteenth-century Moorish house. When Peter Luke's father was at Oxford, he and Rolfe and another friend organized, as a hoax, an elaborate order of priesthood, The Order of Santa Santissima Sophia, and even had uniforms.

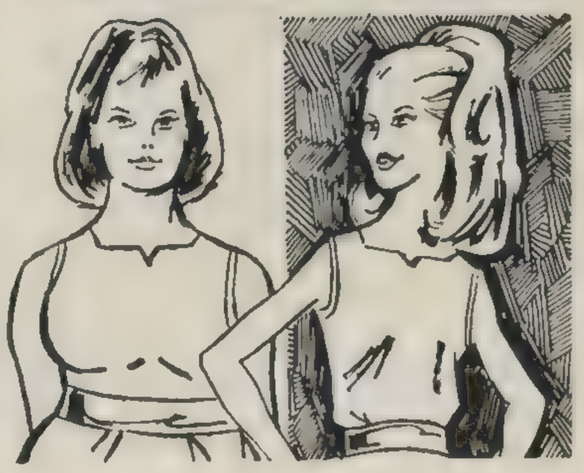
Luke's play, in various forms, was turned down by the National Theatre and the Royal Shakespeare; by such actors as Sir Alec Guinness and Sir John Gielgud; and by a host of other managements. Then three years ago, the agent Larry Dalzell took it independently to Peter Dews and to McCowen. Both wanted to do it but thought it should be cut from three to two acts and that it needed rewriting to make it tighter and less verbose. They have chipped away at it ever since, but it remains astonishing that so theatrical a subject was not picked long before. Hadrian's speeches, almost directly transposed from the original work by Rolfe and from biographical material, have the scoring off and the invective qualities of John Osborne. But the play rests heavily on two props: the wish fulfillment, and the behind-the-scenes view of the Vatican.

The critical reaction to the first production by Dews at Birmingham in May, 1967 (which was sponsored by the producers Bill Freedman and Charles Kasher) was extremely good, especially in praise of McCowen. But nobody went to see it. Only under considerable pressure did the production get to London. There, overnight, Alec McCowen was declared a star.

McCowen lives in a third-floor walk-up on the corner of a London shopping street. His name is not in the main entrance, so you have to guess which bell

(Continued on page 172)

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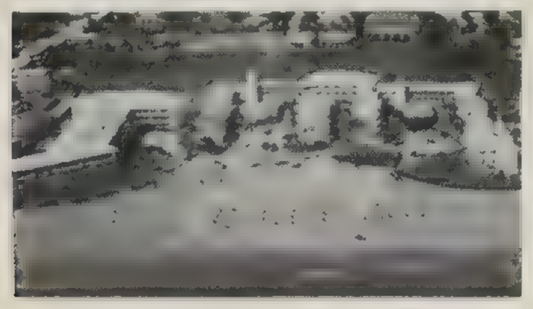
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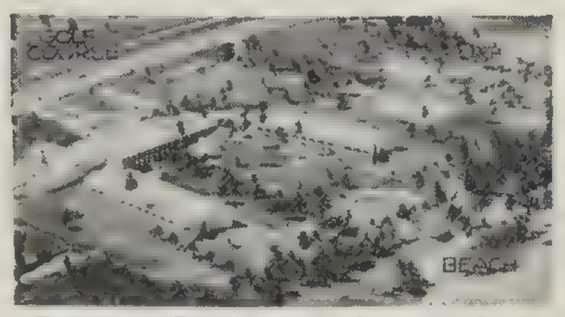
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Alec McCowen

(Continued from page 171)

to press. Outside his entrance, a visiting card reads curtly, A. D. McCowen.

Three walls of the sitting room are painted army green, and the belligerent sofa is ochre yellow. There is a painting of a wooded glade on one wall; and on another, a canvas of a ballet dancer with her back to us, making, I believe, as fast as she can for an exit. If she would turn round and take a look at her host, she would undoubtedly stay. For Alec McCowen is a kind and charming man, a very private man.

In his spare time, he writes short plays and crisp anecdotes that could be described as "black nursery," although his own upbringing was anything but black. His father, Duncan McCowen, ran a pram shop before retiring. "A very emotional man, he loathed being a shopkeeper, but he didn't have the education for anything else. He was fascinated by religion, like Hadrian. And during World War II he took a room in Whitehall and set up a Ministry of Christianity. He wanted every town to have a Ministry where people could go in distress to get practical help. He even got certain bishops interested.

"My father's family was very puritanical. In fact his sister once came to see me perform when I had to rape a girl on stage, which was rather unfortunate. Her sole remark backstage afterwards was, 'When are you going to join your father in the shop?'

"My mother, Mary Walkden, studied ballet with Markova and became a soubrette on resort piers. Her father loved the theatre. He was a Labour MP who founded the railway clerks' trade union, and was then made a Labour peer."

Alec McCowen was born and brought up with his sister in Tunbridge Wells. At sixteen, he decided to go on the stage (his religious grandfather prayed for him) and went to the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art and then spent eight years in repertory theatres. He saw Brando for the first time in 1948, in *A Streetcar Named Desire*, and called this a turning point. "I had never seen that type of acting before. English acting was very smart then and very superficial, and I was a very tricky little actor."

In 1956, while playing in *The Caine Mutiny Court Martial*, McCowen met Vivian Matalon, who had studied for eight years with the New York teacher Sanford Meisner. They became close friends and Matalon has worked with McCowen on all his acting since then. "Through Vivian, I found a way of working. Before, if I did a good performance, it was accidental. I had always wanted to talk about acting, but at that time the theatre was dominated by actors like Robert Morley and Wilfred Hyde White, who considered acting as something you did when you weren't at the races."

An actor's most valuable equipment: "Childishness—to go on being enthusiastic and surprised. Not to be over-intellectual. There are intellectual actors who won't condescend to be actors.

"I learned so much playing opposite Ruth Gordon in *The Matchmaker*, and my feeling about acting is exactly summed up by that marvellous woman. She wrote this to me: 'I guess in the end the real secret of acting is to get through rehearsals and remain intact—not a piece of your conception and the author's and the director's and the producer's and God knows who else—to get through rehearsals and wind up doing it the way you want it, that's paradise. And the secret of freshness: the way you want it. Otherwise, I think it's an unadult occupation and a bore!' "

After a performance of *Hadrian the Seventh*, a friend who came backstage to see McCowen, said: "This play is *Luther*—with laughs."

Beauty Bulletin

(Continued from page 133)

Things happen on the Via Condotti, too, the fashionable street in Rome where Alba and her sister have their salon. Alba frankly admits to spending more time there than at home, expending her energies on the world's beautiful and famous. And they all love to go there—to be distracted. amused. and made utterly ravishing by the artistry of these sisters. Both are each other's strongest admirers, encouragers. Francesca is the calm one. Alba rushes about, full of enthusiasm, totally absorbed by each client. They expect it. Trust her. She knows what they want. And above all, they want to be changed.

Alba is in love with her hairpieces and especially right now the new toy, the *gabbia*. Described variously as mesh plastic cushions, spongy nylon doughnuts, a super-soft Brillo pad, this small piece of magic was used under all the toupets in the new Veruschka hair, to lift and hold it. Alba herself is never without one, two, who knows how many. Most of her personalities have them too since Alba maintains everyone has flat heads. What it really is: a soft, small cage, infinitely healthier and more attractive than the old "rats." (See its picture, page 133.)

To watch Alba casually secure her own fall to sundry *gabbie* without the aid of a mirror is one of life's minor fascinations. Listen to how she does it: "After passing a tuft of my own hair through the hole (in the *gabbia*) I secure it to the crown of my head, two small pins are enough. Then with a few more pins I secure the hairpiece to the *gabbia*. It protects the scalp and gives extra volume to the head."

On the subject of hair care, Alba is passionate about cleanliness. Will not tolerate wigs left about to mope. Is enamoured of mineral water for washing and rinsing hair. If she thinks the hair needs a little extra attention, nothing is better than a hot olive oil treatment.

But it is in her fantastic coiffures that the *peinteur manqué* in Alba comes out. She says of herself that she would have been an impecunious and mediocre *peinteur* had her father had sufficient money for art school training. As it is, her instinct for beauty is honed daily in the hair salon. Both sisters are great innovators, everything is tried. When Alba gets a marvellous look, out comes the Polaroid to capture it for ever. These precious pictures (for the fabulous look depends on Alba's mood of the moment) can be kept filed at the salon, or the client may bear hers off with her. If a beautiful person does not feel so ravishing today, Alba devises a coif off and away from her face to give it light and lift. No matter how many toupets she uses, the hair always looks real, wonderfully extravagant and as Alba herself says "molto chicissimo."

Into this joyous chaos, whence, miraculously, such marvels of the profession emerge, strides Veruschka, every time she is in Rome. Adoring Alba, she will wear her toupets all the way down to her ankles if necessary for her work, although she prefers to be "au naturel" in private life. In private life, too, Veruschka puts in a lot of time on her hair. Admits to having a real complex about it. Will try anything and everything if she thinks it will make her hair healthier, shinier, grow faster. Among the treatments her hair gets: scalp massage, a vibrator, "a kind of electric, infrared comb," special drops and an infrared lamp, three times a week . . . and a vibrator every night. Frequent shampooing then a cream rinse is the order of Veruschka's day, to combat all the wear and tear a photographic session calls for.

When she sets her hair, she uses a protein conditioner to make it full. Her cutting treatment is self imposed—a quick snip of the wet ends once in a while. (Alba will never cut long hair—prefers to see a client in a short wig if she feels the urge to change for a day.)

There you have them: the artist with every artifice in hairdom at her fingertips; the beauty, concerned with her hair au naturel. Alba e Francesca, with Veruschka, doing everything known to hairland in the cause of one beautiful head.

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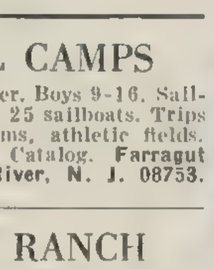
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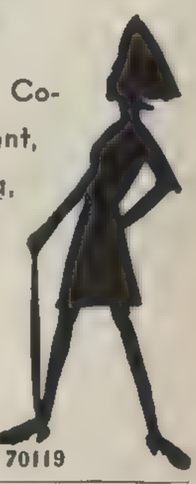
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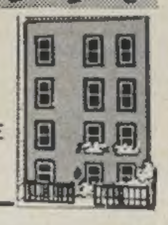
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Pop Music

(Continued from page 131)

the major pop musical events of 1968; so does the group's first album, *Child is Father to the Man.* Bloomfield brought in the exciting Electric Flag group, now gone.

After Kooper left Blood, Sweat & Tears to go on his own, and after the Electric Flag died, the two men produced two albums on Columbia. *Supersession* had as its stars Kooper, Bloomfield, and Steve Stills of the Buffalo Springfield group. Their other record, *The Live Adventures of Mike Bloomfield and Al Kooper,* was recorded live at the Fillmore West in San Francisco.

Kooper and Bloomfield opened the doors of rock to the blues. Blues rock, *their* idiom, in which they are the twin kings, has rampaged through rock like a summer thunderstorm. Jimi Hendrix, the king of psychedelic music, made his blues roots clear in his latest album, *Electric Ladyland.* The Butterfield Blues Band is enjoying renewed vigour, and John Mayall's Bluesbreakers leave their native England frequently.

The Sir Douglas Quintet + 2 play blues rock with great feeling; Kooper called their album, *Honky Blues,* one of the best around. It is softer than pure blues, which tends to be harsh, staccato, and piercing.

The majority of groups considered to be "happening" at the moment are in one way or another playing the blues. But more than that, the real kings of the blues are receiving recognition from the white rock audience. And when you speak of *the* king of the blues, you are talking about B. B. King.

B. B.—his initials stand for "Blues Boy"—has in the past two years come a long way from small Black bars to the two Fillmores. The major influence on such great rock guitarists as Mike Bloomfield and Jimi Hendrix, he slides his fingers across the strings of his guitar (which he calls "Lucille") with ghostly accuracy.

The top blues guitarist, King sings soul with high tension, and he has a charismatic effect on audiences. His best record, *B. B. King Live at the Regal,* is a masterpiece. Other Black guitarists near the top include Albert King and Buddy Guy, but only B. B. is king.

There is a creamy border line between folk and rock, called "soft rock." Love, a California group, released in early 1968 their *Forever Changes* album, one of the best sounds of the year. The Pearls Before Swine continue to be *the* underground group, their second album, *Balaklava,* is a beautiful compilation of soft sounds and intriguing words. Soft rock stands as an attempt (largely successful) to combine folk purity with rock vitality.

Folk music is always around and so are the blues. Between bouts of popularity, folk lingers in partial obscurity in the city coffee house, while the blues retreat to the ghetto. When pop music enters its occasional periods of giving its audiences indigestion—as it did in the late 'fifties and is doing now—one of the purer forms emerges, rather like Alka-Seltzer.

The Natural

(Continued from page 134)

her first job, that people want to photograph her. . . .

She's amused, she's amusing. She grins and grins, and the little gap between her two front teeth entrances her audience. She laughs stridently. Then she mellows into a really moving, controlled speaking voice. Deep, soft, husky. . . . "I'm not certain I want to be an actress, now that I've worked so hard at becoming a singer." . . .

To her startlingly beautiful eyes all the makeup emphasis goes. Black eyeliner as eye shadow. White eye shadow as highlighter around eyes. Double-decker false eyelashes, top and bottom—except on stage, where she omits the bottom, paints heavy black lines instead. No powder. She puts a white highlight down centre of nose ("It has a masculine bump on it"). . . . She has, like all Black Beauties, the problem of availability of powder and foundation makeup for glossy dark skin, a problem now being frenetically worked on and solved by American cosmetic companies, black and white. Meanwhile, she mixes and blends. . . .

She's The Natural. And so's her electrifying coiffure. It's also called Afro, but such celebrated Afro hair stylists as Fontaine and Rudel, owners of New York's Coif Camp, prefer to refer to it as The Natural. "It's not," they assured us, "a social or ethnic statement. It's just a natural beauty idea and possibly the first time black can give white a beauty fashion." They know because they have many pale white customers for their Afro wigs, which range from blond to jet. "Instead of us embracing white beauty ideas, you take something from us. A beautiful, healthy compromise. If we could exchange all our ideas as easily." . . .

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